

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## IN A HAYFIELD.

BEFORE the mower's sweeping scythe  
The dewy grasses bend and fall ;  
A group of children, gay and blithe,  
Amid the hay keep carnival :  
While rising high, in azure sky,  
The morning sun shines lovingly.

The flowers and grasses slowly fade,  
And o'er their wreaths the children sigh ;  
A maiden sees in ev'ry blade  
Emblems of hopes but born to die :  
Yet in the sky, still rising high,  
The golden sun shines lovingly.

The mower works with haggard eyes,  
For bitter grief is in his breast ;  
A lark flies up with startled cries —  
The scythe has swept away her nest :  
Yet, risen high in deep blue sky,  
The sun still shines on lovingly.

From ivied church the mourners go  
(The sun is sinking in the west) ;  
The mower Death has laid one low,  
With fading flowers to be at rest :  
Yet in the sky 'mid smile and sigh,  
The sun shines ever lovingly.

Cassell's Magazine.

G. W.

## IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

"How often and how vainly do we try  
To paint in words the dying of the day!"  
W. B. SCOTT.

Now the last streak of sunset is subdued  
By twilight, and the fainting crimson dies  
Across the spaces of the western sky ;  
The rook is winging homeward with his food,  
Down in the oozy sedge the curlew's brood  
Have hushed themselves to silence suddenly,  
As if afraid to startle with their cry  
The listening stretch of moorland and still  
wood.

Day is reluctant to resign this hour,  
And night scarce dares to take it till the shell  
Of the high moon casts forth its miracle  
Of perfect silver, and resumes its power  
Over the wind, the sea-wave, and the flower  
That folds against the night its weary bell.

Fraser's Magazine.

W. A. SIM.

## ABER WATERFALL.

BORN in mountains, 'mid the heather,  
Laughing lightly on my way,  
Gliding o'er the soft brown mosses,  
Leaping o'er the stones in spray ;  
Little noting whither wend I,  
Filled my heart with careless joy,  
Down the mountain-gorge thus wend I,  
Thinking all the world my toy.

Sudden open wide before me,  
Rock and crag and mountain range ;  
And my lover, waiting for me,  
At my feet lies still and strange ;  
Calling me with many voices :  
Lazy lappings on the shore ;  
Deep-toned moans from ocean caverns ;  
Silver lisps ; thunderous roar !

O my lover ! grand and mighty,  
Dare I venture the rash deed ?  
All my soul has gone before me !  
Follow I with swiftest speed.  
O'er the precipice my waters  
Rush tumultuous at one bound ;  
Shattered ? broken ? ah, what care I ? —  
Thou, my lover, thou art found !

Temple Bar.

## THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

THEY say the world's a weary place,  
Where tears are never dried,  
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass  
And only woes abide.  
It may be so — I cannot know —  
Yet this I dare to say,  
My lot has had more glad than sad,  
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest ;  
They tell of women's wiles —  
That poison dips in pouting lips,  
And death in dimpled smiles.  
It may be so — I cannot know —  
Yet sure of this I am,  
One heart is found above the ground  
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse —  
That hearts are made to ache,  
That jest and song are gravely wrong,  
And health a vast mistake.  
It may be so — I cannot know —  
But let them talk their fill ;  
I like my life, and love my wife,  
And mean to do so still.  
Good Words. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## A LOVE-SONG.

I WILL not reason why I love,  
Or what I love in thee !  
There breathes some secret from above  
In every flower we see.

Suddenly as we pass we own  
Some glimpse or scent divine, —  
Such secret, to none others known,  
My heart has read in thine !

Spectator. R. L. O.

From The Westminster Review.  
THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.\*

THE dean of Westminster, in his recently published memoir of his mother, gives us her estimate of Sir Walter Scott: "As to Sir Walter, when one thinks over other works and other writers, there is not one to be compared to him since Shakespeare; not one to whom so many can feel grateful for the number of hours of innocent and delightful amusement he has given to the world."†

This opinion was expressed before the publication of any of the works of the great writer, whose selected letters are now given to the world. At its date we should have concurred in it, but now we think that in the amount of innocent and delightful amusement Dickens has given to the world he certainly equals, perhaps even surpasses, Scott. In common with the rest of the world we, therefore, gladly welcome these volumes, which completely fulfil their editors' intention and "great desire to give to the public another book from Charles Dickens's own hands, as it were, a portrait of himself by himself."‡

The editors, to whom the preparation of the work has undoubtedly been "a labor of love," tell us that they

intend this collection of letters to be a supplement to the "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster. That work [they go on to say], perfect and exhaustive as a biography, is only incomplete as regards correspondence, the scheme of the book having made it impossible to include in its space any letters, or hardly any, besides those addressed to Mr. Forster. As no man ever expressed *himself* more in his letters than Charles Dickens, we believe that in publishing this careful selection from his general correspondence we shall be supplying a want which has been universally felt §

Not only do we agree in this belief, but we go further: we believe that had we only had the "letters," and not Mr. Forster's biography, we should have known more what manner of man Dickens was

\* *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* Edited by his SISTER-IN-LAW and his ELDEST DAUGHTER. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Chapman and Hall.

† Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, p. 301.

‡ Vol. i., preface.

§ Ibid.

than if we had known him only from Mr. Forster's "Life."

The letters extend over the period from 1833 to 1870, that is, from the commencement of Dickens's literary life, just before the starting of the "Pickwick Papers," to the time of his death, and we purpose calling our readers' attention to those of them which are most characteristic of the writer's mind and style.

We first take an illustration of Dickens's habit of making real persons and events the foundation of characters and incidents in his tales. In a letter written to his wife during a tour in Yorkshire, undertaken in order that he might investigate for himself "the real facts as to the condition of the Yorkshire schools," and dated from "Greta Bridge," in the neighborhood of which our readers will remember "Dotheboys Hall" is placed, he writes:—

We reached Grantham between nine and ten on Thursday night and found everything prepared for our reception in the very best inn I have ever put up at. It is odd enough that an old lady who had been outside all day and came in towards dinner-time turned out to be the mistress of a Yorkshire school, returning from the holiday stay in London. She was a very queer old lady, and showed us a long letter she was carrying to one of the boys from his father, containing a severe lecture (enforced and aided by many texts of Scripture) on his refusing to eat boiled meat. She was very communicative, drank a great deal of brandy and water, and towards evening became insensible, in which state we left her.

Again, writing on another day, during the same journey:—

We had a very droll male companion until seven o'clock in the evening, and a most delicious lady's maid for twenty miles, who implored us to keep a sharp look-out at the coach windows, as she expected the carriage was coming to meet her, and she was afraid of missing it. We had many delightful vauntings of the same kind; but in the end it is scarcely necessary to say that the carriage did not come, but a very dirty girl did.\*

Here we plainly have the origin of Mr. Squeers's drunken habits. The boy who refused to eat boiled meat appears in

\* Vol. i., p. 8.

"Nicholas Nickleby" as the luckless pupil of Squeers who was reprobated in a letter from "his maternal aunt, who was suspected of standing in a nearer maternal relation towards him, for turning up his nose at the cow's liver broth after his good master had asked a blessing on it," while the lady's maid of real life appears in the tale as a lady who, during the delay caused by the upsetting of the coach during Nicholas's journey to Dotheboys Hall, was very particular that a lookout should be kept for a carriage with servants in the smartest liveries (in a snow-storm) coming from Grantham, "which induced one of the other passengers to ask her whether there was not very good society in the neighborhood of Grantham, which the lady answered there was, in a manner that showed she belonged to it."\*

We take next a letter to a child, who had written to him with suggestions as to the final rewards and punishments to be awarded to the characters in "Nicholas Nickleby" on the completion of the story.

It is highly characteristic of the writer and is a remarkable illustration of his success in one of the most difficult of arts—that of writing for children in a style not childish in thought, but amusing and easily understood.

RESPECTED SIR,—I have given Squeers one cut in the neck and two on the hand, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys.

They have also had some good ale and porter and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry which they liked very much, except one boy who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to

have the rest *hashed* to-morrow with some greens which he is very fond of, and so am I.

He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoiled the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he would never have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money in sixpences to make it seem more, and he said directly that he would give more than half to his mamma and sister and divide the rest with poor Smike, and I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't, I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there.

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is, that I hope it may. You will say the same I know, at least I think you will.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them, and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night and I always go to bed at eight o'clock except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this—and that is my love to you and Neptune, and if you will drink my health every Christmas-day I will drink yours—come.

I am, respected sir,  
Your affectionate friend.\*

For none of Dickens's friends had he a deeper affection and a higher admiration than for the late William Charles Macready. This appears abundantly throughout these volumes. We give the earliest expression of these feelings. It was written on the occasion of Macready's retirement from the management of Covent Garden Theatre.

I ought not to be sorry to hear of your abdication, but I am, notwithstanding, most heartily and sincerely sorry, for my own sake and the sake of thousands who may now go and whistle for a theatre—at least, such a theatre as you gave them; and I do now in my heart believe that for a long and dreary time that exquisite delight has passed away.

If I may jest with my misfortunes, and quote the Portsmouth critic of Mr. Crummles'

\* We are compelled to quote from memory, and although substantially we may not be verbally accurate.

\* Vol. i., pp. 14, 15.

company, I say that, as an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions, and a realization of human intellectuality, gilding with resplendent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye, the drama is gone — perfectly gone.

With the same perverse and unaccountable feeling which amuses a heartbroken man at a dear friend's funeral to see something irresistibly comical in a red-nosed or one-eyed undertaker, I receive your communication with ghostly facetiousness, though, on a moment's reflection, I find better cause for consolation in the hope that, relieved from your most trying and painful duties, you will now have leisure to return to pursuits more congenial to your mind, and to move more easily and pleasantly among your friends. In the long catalogue of the latter I believe there is not one prouder of the name or more grateful for the store of delightful recollections you have enabled him to heap up from boyhood.\*

The illustrations of Dickens's works were to him objects of his most painstaking care. Of this we can afford to give space for only one instance. Those who remember or possess the original edition of "Master Humphrey's Clock" will be interested in reading the following history of the illustrations in that edition.

I want to know [he writes to his friend, George Cattermole, the artist] whether you would object to make me a little sketch for a woodcut — in Indian ink would be quite sufficient — about the size of the enclosed scrap. The subject, an old quaint room with antique Elizabethan furniture, and in the chimney corner an extraordinary old clock — the clock belonging to Master Humphrey, in fact, and no figures. This I should drop into the text at the head of my opening page.†

Again :

Kit, the single gentleman, and Mr. Garland, go down to the place where the child is, and arrive there at night. There has been a fall of snow. Kit, leaving them behind, runs to the old house, and, with a lanthorn in one hand and the bird in its cage in the other, stops for a moment at a little distance before he goes up to make his presence known. In a window — supposed to be that of the child's little room — a light is burning, and in that room the child (unknown, of course, to her visitors who are full of hope) lies dead.

\* Vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

† *Ibid.*, p. 29.

Again, he suggests an idea which the artist admirably carried out : —

I want the cart gaily decorated, going through the street of the old town with the wax brigand displayed to fierce advantage, and the child seated on it also dispersing bills. As many flags and inscriptions about Jarley's Waxwork fluttering from the cart as you please. You know the wax brigands and how they contemplate small oval miniatures. That's the figure I want. I send you the scrap of MS. which contains the subject.

Here is another suggestion for an illustration which, if our memory serves us rightly, was not very successfully carried out by the artist : —

The child lying dead in the little sleeping-room which is behind the open screen. It is winter-time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast and pillow, and about the bed, there may be strips of holly and berries, and such free green things. Window overgrown with ivy.

The little boy who had that talk with her about angels may be by the bedside if you like it so; but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can.

The following suggestion our readers will remember was admirably carried out.

The child has been buried inside the church, and the old man, who cannot be made to understand that she is dead, repars to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, etc., beside him. "She'll come to-morrow," he says, when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hourglass running out would help the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee or in his hand.

The concluding sentence of this letter shows the earnestness with which Dickens devoted himself to his compositions, the intense interest he felt in his stories, and that "The Old Curiosity Shop" was one of the favorite children of his imagination: "I am breaking my heart over this story, and I cannot bear to finish it." A still stronger proof of the same fact we take from a letter to his friend, the Rev. W. Harness : —

I should have been very glad to join your pleasant party, but all next week I shall be laid up with a broken heart, for I must occupy myself in finishing the "Curiosity Shop," and it is such a painful task to me that I must concentrate myself upon it tooth and nail, and go out nowhere until it is done.\*

I am [he writes again to Cattermole] for the time being nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child.

His sincere and ardent love of literary fame appears constantly in his letters, but nowhere finds a stronger expression than in the following extract from a letter to an admirer in the back-woods of America.

I thank you cordially and heartily, both for your letter and its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours among the vast solitudes in which you dwell is a source of the purest delight and pride to me: and, believe me, that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the green forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer.†

We have not Mr. Forster's "Life" at hand; but we think these letters first make public the fact that so early as 1841 overtures were made to Dickens to stand as candidate for the borough of Reading.

My principles and inclinations [he writes to his correspondent there] would lead me to aspire to the distinction you invite me to seek, if there were any reasonable chance of success, and I hope I should do no discredit to such an honor if I won it and wore it. But I am bound to add, and I have no hesitation in saying plainly, that I cannot afford the expense of a contested election.

It was suggested to him that he should apply to the government for their support.

But I cannot [he writes to the same correspondent] satisfy myself that to enter Parliament under such circumstances would enable me to pursue that honorable independence without which I could neither preserve my own respect nor that of my constituents.

As his literary labors and fame increased his inclination to enter Parliament grew weaker. Though the idea is again mentioned, he seems never seriously to have entertained it, and we think it was fortunate for his reputation that he did not enter the House of Commons;

in our judgment neither his habit of mind nor his style of speaking were suited for Parliamentary life.

The letters written during his first visit to the United States (1842) contain some very unfavorable reflections on America and its people. We think these judgments are open to the remark which John Stuart Mill made on opinions as to the working of American institutions formed "on the strength of a drive through the country performed in a few months."

I desire [Dickens writes to Macready, after being in the States about two months] to be honest and just to those who have so enthusiastically and warmly welcomed me. . . . Still it is of no use — *I am disappointed*. This is not the republic I came to see; this is not the republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a liberal monarchy — even with its sickening accompaniments of court circulars — to such a government as this. The more I think of its youth and strength the poorer and more trifling in a thousand aspects it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast — excepting its education of the people and its care for poor children — it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon; and England, even England, bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison.

You live here, Macready, as I have sometimes heard you imagining! You! Loving you with all my heart and soul, and knowing what your disposition really is, I would not condemn you to a year's residence on this side of the Atlantic for any money. Freedom of opinion! Where is it? I see a press more mean and paltry and silly and disgraceful than any country I ever knew. If that is its standard here it is. But I speak of Bancroft and am advised to be silent on that subject, for he is "a black sheep and a Democrat." I speak of Bryant, and am entreated to be more careful for the same reason. I speak of international copyright, and am implored not to ruin myself outright. I speak of Miss Martineau, and all parties — Slave-upholders and Abolitionists, Whigs, Tyler-Whigs, and Democrats — shower down upon me a perfect cataract of abuse. But what has she done? Surely she praised America enough! Yes; but she told us some of our faults, and Americans can't bear to be told of their faults. Don't split on that rock, Mr. Dickens, don't write about America; we are so very suspicious.\*

The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good-humored, polite to women, frank and candid to all strangers, anxious to oblige, far less prejudiced than they have been described to be, frequently polished and refined, very seldom rude or disagreeable. I have made a great

\* Vol. i., pp. 29, 33-35, 38.

† Vol. i., p. 41.

\* Vol. i., p. 6x.

many friends here even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the towns I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of the greediness and indecorousness on which travellers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness, met questions not intended to be rude with answers meant to be satisfactory; and have not spoken to one man, woman, or child of any degree, who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted.

In the respects of not being left alone, and of being horribly disgusted by tobacco-chewings and tobacco-spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of slavery in Virginia, the hatred of British feeling upon the subject, and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South have pained me very much: on the first head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the other, sheer distress. But, however much I like the ingredients of this great dish, I can but come back to the point upon which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it.

The man who comes to this country a Radical, and goes home with his opinions unchanged, must be a Radical on reason, sympathy and reflection; one who has so well considered the subject that he has no chance of wavering.\*

It is difficult to reconcile the favorable statements in this letter as to American manners with the descriptions given of them in some of the American scenes in "Martin Chuzzlewit," particularly that one in which Martin is introduced to the "Hon. Elijah Pogram." Those familiar with that tale will remember the description of the levées, or receptions, held by some of the characters. The story embodies Dickens's experiences of such meetings.

Think [he writes to a friend] of two hours of this every day, and the people coming in by hundreds all fresh and piping hot and full of questions, when we are literally exhausted and can hardly stand. I really do believe that if I had not had a lady with me I should have been obliged to leave the country and go back to England. But for her they would never leave me alone by day or night, and, as it is, a slave comes to me now and then in the middle of the night with a letter, and waits at the bedroom door for an answer!

The international copyright question draws from him the following burst of indignation:—

Is it not a horrible thing that scoundrel booksellers should grow rich here from pub-

lishing books, the authors of which do not reap one farthing from their issue, by scores of thousands; and that every vile, blackguard, and detestable newspaper, so filthy and bestial that no honest man would admit one into his house for a scullery door-mat, should be able to publish these same writings, side by side, cheek by jowl, with the coarsest and most obscene companions, with which they must become connected in course of time in people's minds. Is it tolerable that, besides being robbed and rifled, an author should be forced to appear in any form, in any vulgar dress, in any atrocious company, that he should have no choice of his audience, no control over his own distorted text, and that he should be compelled to jostle out of the course the best men in this country who only ask to live by writing? I vow before high Heaven that my blood so boils at these enormities that when I speak about them I seem to grow twenty feet high, and to swell out in proportion. "Robbers that ye are," I think to myself when I get upon my legs, "here goes."

Strong as were his feelings on the question of international copyright, he was indignant that the Edinburgh Reviewer of his "American Notes" represented him as having gone to America as a missionary in the cause of international copyright.

This statement [he writes to the editor] hurt my feelings excessively, and it is in this respect I still conceive most unworthy of its author. I am at a loss to divine who its author is. I know he read in some cut-throat American paper this and other monstrous statements which at any time I could have converted into sickening praise by the payment of some fifty dollars. . . . The better the acquaintance with America the more defenceless and more inexcusable such conduct is. For I solemnly declare (and appeal to any man but the writer of this paper, who has travelled in that country for confirmation of my statement) that the source from which he drew the "information" so recklessly put forth again in England is infinitely more obscene, disgusting, and brutal than the very worst Sunday newspaper that has ever been printed in Great Britain. Conceive the Edinburgh Review quoting the *Satirist* or the *Man about Town* as an authority against a man with one grain of honor or feather-weight of reputation.\*

We turned with interest to the letters written during Dickens's second tour in America (1868) to see if we could find in them any revision or modification of his opinions on America and its institutions, but we find none. The second series of his American letters is almost wholly

\* Selected Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, p. 417. The *Satirist* and the *Man about Town* were libellous newspapers of that day.

• Vol. i., pp. 62, 63.

† Ibid., p. 66.

filled with the descriptions of his readings, and the preparations and arrangements for them.

But though Dickens's letters are silent as to his later views on America, we—not agreeing with the universal we have heard laid down “that every man lies when he speaks in public”—are glad to learn those views from his speech, in returning thanks, at the farewell dinner given to him at New York previous to his final return to England.\*

I say, gentlemen, so much of my voice has lately been heard, that I might have been contented with troubling you no further from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here, but on every suitable occasion whatsoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. Also to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes that I have seen around me on every side—changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the press, without whose advancement no advancement can be made anywhere. Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five-and-twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first.

To another American traveller, Mrs. Trollope, Dickens writes, shortly after the publication of his “American Notes,” referring to her well-known book on America:—

As I never scrupled to say in America, so I can have no delicacy in saying to you, that allowing for the change you worked in many social features of American society, and for the time that has passed since you wrote of the country, I am convinced that there is no writer who has so well and so accurately (I need not add so entertainingly) described it, in many of its aspects, as you have done; and this renders your praise [of his “Notes”] the more valuable to me. I do not recollect ever to have heard or seen the charge of exaggeration made against a feeble performance, though in its febleness it may have been most untrue. It seems to me essentially natural and quite inevitable that common observers should accuse an uncommon one of this fault, and I have no doubt that you were long ago of this opinion, very much to your own comfort.

\* Speeches on Literary and Social Occasions in England and America, by Charles Dickens, p. 226.

From a letter to Douglas Jerrold (written 1843) we take the following characteristic extracts:—

I vow to God that I think the parrots of society are worse than its birds of prey. If ever I destroy myself it will be in the bitterness of hearing those infernal and damnable “good old times” extolled. . . . O Heaven! if you could have been with me at a hospital dinner last Monday. There were men there who made such speeches and expressed such sentiments as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bow-paunched, over-fed, apoplectic, snorting cattle, and the auditory leaping up in their delight! I never saw such an illustration of the power of purse, or felt so degraded and debased by its contemplation, since I have had eyes and ears. The absurdity of the thing was too horrible to laugh at. It was perfectly overwhelming.

Again, from the same letter:—

Supposing fifty families were to emigrate into the wilds of North America—yours, mine, and forty-eight others—picked for their concurrence of opinion in all important subjects and for their resolution to form a colony of common sense, how soon would that devil Cant present itself among them in some shape or other? The day they landed, do you say, or the day after?

Certainly had such a colony been founded, and the devil Cant had risen up amongst them, he would have been met with a vigorous exorcism, as we may judge from the following reply to a correspondent who had written that some saying attributed to Stiggins, in “*Pickwick*,” apparently reflected on the Scriptural doctrine of the “new birth”:—

Permit me to say in reply to your letter that you do not understand the intention (I dare say the fault is mine) of that passage in the “*Pickwick Papers*” which has given you offence. The design of “the Shepherd,” and of this and every allusion to him, is to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarized, and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries, and how in making mere cant phrases of divine words these persons miss the spirit in which they had their origin. I have seen a great deal of this sort of thing in many parts of England, and I never knew it lead to charity or good deeds.

Whether the great Creator of the world and the creature of his hands, moulded in his own image, be quite so opposite in character as you believe, is a question which it would profit us little to discuss. I like the frankness and candor of your letter, and thank you for it. That every man who seeks heaven must be

born again in good thoughts of his Maker I sincerely believe. That it is expedient for every hound to say so in a certain snuffling form of words to which he attaches no good meaning, I do not believe. I take it there is no difference between us.\*

The letters abound in playful allusions to any peculiarities of manner or habits which he noted in his friends and acquaintance. Thus, in a letter to Macready in America he refers to some common friend unnamed as "elaborately explaining everything in creation is a joint-stock company," and describes Macready himself "as unwinding something slowly round and round your chest which is so long that no man can see the end of it."

From the same letter we take this pleasant and characteristic description of the relations between Dickens and Macready and their families :—

Oh, that you had been at Clarence Terrace on Nina's birthday! Good God! how we missed you, talked of you, drank your health, and wondered what you were doing! Perhaps you are Falkland enough (I swear I suspect you of it) to feel rather sore — just a little bit, you know, the merest trifle in the world — on hearing that Mrs. Macready looked brilliant, blooming, young and handsome, and that she danced a country dance with the writer hereof (Acres to your Falkland) in a thorough spirit of becoming good humor and enjoyment. Now, you don't like to be told that? Nor do you quite like to hear that Forster and I conjured bravely; that a plum pudding was produced from an empty saucepan held over a blazing fire kindled in Stanfield's hat without damage to the lining; that a box of bran was changed into a live guinea-pig which ran between my godchild's feet, and was the cause of such a shrill uproar and clapping of hands that you might have heard it (and I dare say did) in America; that three half-crowns being taken from Major Burns and put into a tumbler-glass before his eyes did them and there give jingling answers to the questions asked of them by me, and knew where you were and what you were doing, to the unspeakable admiration of the whole assembly. Neither do you quite like to be told that we are going to do it again next Saturday, with the addition of demoniacal dresses from the masquerade shop; nor that Mrs. Macready for her gallant bearing always and her best sort of best affection is the best creature I know. Never mind; no man shall gag me, and these are my opinions.†

In a letter to Douglas Jerrold, written from Cremona, during Dickens's residence in Italy, 1844, he writes—and it is an excellent example of his peculiar style :—

You know this place as famous of yore for fiddles. I don't see any here now, but there is a whole street of coppersmiths not far from this inn, and they throb so d——ably and fitfully that I thought I had a palpitation of the heart just now, and seldom was more relieved than when I found the noise to be none of mine.

He then gives some Shakespearian experiences.

I was rather shocked yesterday (I am not strong in geographical details) to find that Romeo was only banished twenty-five miles. That is the distance between Mantua and Verona. The latter is a quaint old place with great houses in it that are now solitary and shut up — exactly the place it ought to be. The former has a great many apothecaries at this moment who could play this part to the life. For of all the stagnant ponds I ever beheld it is the greenest and weediest. I went to see the old palace of the Capulets, which is still distinguished by their cognizance (a hat carved in stone on the courtyard wall). It is a miserable inn. The court was full of crazy coaches, carts, geese, and pigs, and was ankle deep in mud and dung. The garden is walled off and built on. There was nothing to connect it with its old inhabitants, and a very un-sentimental lady at the kitchen door. The Montagues used to live some two or three miles off in the country. It does not appear quite clear whether they ever inhabited Verona itself. . . . But there is a village bearing that name to this day, and traditions of the quarrels of the two families are still as nearly alive as anything can be in such a drowsy neighborhood.

While in Italy he wrote one of his best Christmas books, "The Chimes." How he threw himself into it appears from the following extract :—

I have worn myself to death in the month I have been at work. None of my usual reliefs have been at hand. I have not been able to divest myself of the story, have suffered very much in my sleep in consequence, and am so shaken by such work in this trying climate that I am as nervous as a man who is dying of drink, and haggard as a murderer.\*

In this book he endeavored, he writes to Macready,

to plant an indignant right-hander on the eye of certain wicked cant that makes my blood boil which I hope will not only cloud that eye with black and blue, but many a gentle one with crystal of the finest sort. God forgive me, but I think there are good things in the little story.†

His hopes were realized.

\* Vol. i., pp. 88, 89.

† Ibid., pp. 96, 97.

\* Vol. i., p. 122.

† Ibid., p. 130.

Anybody [he writes to his wife] who has heard it has been moved in the most extraordinary manner. Forster read it for dramatic purposes to A'Beckett. He cried so much and so painfully that Forster didn't know whether to go on or stop; and he called next day to say that any expression of his feeling was beyond his power, but that he believed it and felt it to be—I won't say what. If [he adds in a postscript] you had seen Macready last night undisguisedly sobbing and crying on the sofa as I read, you would have felt, as I did, what a thing it is to have power.\*

To how wonderful a degree Dickens possessed this power of affecting his hearers by his reading of his own writings, those who, like ourselves, are privileged to remember the effect produced by his reading of the shipwreck scene in "David Copperfield" can bear witness.

Like Mr. Bright, Dickens must sometimes have felt that if Sir Rowland Hill's postal reforms had been postponed until he was no longer connected with public life, it would have been fortunate for him.†

Do look [he writes to his friend and colleague on *Household Words*, Mr. Wills] at the enclosed from Mrs. What's-her-name. For a surprising audacity it is remarkable even to me who am positively bullied and all but beaten by these people. . . . If I were the wealthiest nobleman in England I could not keep pace with one-twentieth part of the demands on me. . . . [He, notwithstanding, complied liberally with many of these demands.] That purse [he writes to Mr. Wills] which I could never keep shut in my life makes mouths at me, saying, "See how empty I am." Then I fill it, and it looks very rich indeed.

Applications for employment seem to have been as frequent as those for money. In the same letter he writes, "As to employment I do in my soul believe that if I were lord chancellor of England I should have been aground long ago for the patronage of a messenger's place. "The letter from Nelson Square (he writes to the same friend on another occasion) is a very manly and touching one. But I am more helpless in such a case as that than in any other, having really fewer means of helping such a gentleman to employment than I have of firing off the guns in the Tower. Such appeals come to me here in scores upon scores."‡

\* Vol. i., p. 133.

† "I venerate Sir Rowland Hill's memory as one of the most useful and honorable men I have known, but I must say I sometimes feel that if he had postponed his discovery until I was no longer connected with public affairs, it would have been a most fortunate thing for me" — Mr. Bright's Speech at Birmingham, 20th January, 1880.

‡ Vol. i., pp. 148, 150, 152.

During a stay at Paris (1846), he thus writes Walter Savage Landor, the godfather of one of his sons, who bore Landor's name:—

YOUNG MAN,—I will not go there if I can help it; I have not the slightest confidence in the value of your introduction to the devil. I can't help thinking that it would be of better use "the other way, the other way," but I won't try there either at present if I can help it. Your godson says, is that your duty? and he begs me to enclose a blush newly blushed for you. . . . I have been writing a little Christmas book \* besides expressly for you. I am not to be trifled with. I write from Paris . . . we are all well and happy, and they send loves to you by the bushel. We are in the agonies of house-hunting. The people are frightfully civil and grotesquely extortionate. One man (with a house to let) told me yesterday that he loved the Duke of Wellington like a brother. The same gentleman wanted to hug me round the neck with one hand and pick my pocket with the other. . . . If you were the man I took you for when I took you (as a godfather) for better or worse, you would come to Paris and amaze the weak walls of the house I haven't found yet with that steady snore of yours which I once heard piercing the door of your bedroom in Devonshire Terrace, reverberating along the bell-wires in the hall, so getting into the street, playing Eolian harps among the area railings, and going down the New Road like the blast of a trumpet.

From a letter to the Hon. R. Watson we take Dickens's description of the house he at length succeeded in finding. It is in his best descriptive style.

I am proud to express my belief that we are lodged at last in the most preposterous house in the world † . . . The like of it cannot, and so far as my knowledge goes does not, exist in any other part of the globe. The bedrooms are like opera-boxes. The dining-rooms, staircases, and passages quite inexplicable. The dining-room is a sort of cavern, painted (ceiling and all) to represent a grove, with unaccountable bits of looking-glass sticking in among the branches of the trees. There is a gleam of reason in the drawing-room. But it is approached through a series of small chambers, like the joints in a telescope, which are hung with inscrutable drapery. The maddest man in Bedlam having the material given him would be likely to devise such a suite supposing his case to be hopeless and quite incurable.‡

In another letter, written during his stay in Paris, he mentions a dramatized version of "Clarissa Harlowe" as being the rage at one of the Parisian theatres.

\* The Battle of Life.

† It was No. 48, Rue de Courcelles, St. Honoré.

‡ Vol. i., pp. 159, 160.

There are some things in it [he says] rather calculated to astonish the ghost of Richardson, but Clarissa is very admirably played and dies better than the original, to my thinking; but Richardson is no great favorite of mine, and never seems to take his top-boots off whatever he does. Several pieces are in course of representation involving rare portraits of the English. In one, a servant called "Tom Bob," who wears a particularly English waistcoat, trimmed with gold lace and concealing his ankles, does very good things indeed. "Sir Fokson" is one of the characters in another play, "English to the Core;" and I saw a lord mayor of London at one of the small theatres the other night, looking uncommonly well in a stage coachman's waistcoat, the Order of the Garter, and a very low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, not unlike a dustman's.

The same letter contains one of the few political allusions or opinions contained in these letters. Dickens, though little if anything of a politician — certainly none in the party sense — was Liberal in his sympathies and tendencies.

I was at Geneva at the time of the Revolution (1846). The moderation and mildness of the successful party were beyond all praise. Their appeals to the people of all parties — printed and pasted on the walls — have no parallel that I know of in history for their real good sterling Christianity and tendency to promote the happiness of mankind. My sympathy is strongly with the Swiss Radicals. They know what Catholicity is. They see in some of their own valleys the poverty, ignorance, misery, and bigotry it always brings in its train wherever it is triumphant, and they would root it out of their children's way at any price. I fear the end of the struggle will be that some Catholic power will step in to crush the dangerously well-educated republic (very dangerous to such neighbors), but there is a spirit in the people, or I very much mistake them, that will trouble the Jesuits there many years, and shake their altar steps for them.\*

In the early days of the French republic of 1848, he expressed a hope which was doomed to be disappointed — "I think Lamartine so far one of the best fellows in the world, and I have great hopes of that great people establishing a noble republic."†

On the publication of Forster's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" Dickens wrote to his friend and future biographer a letter of strong commendation from which we make the following extracts, which we particularly commend to the attention of those who have of late endeavored to vin-

dicate Boswell's character against the severe, but strictly just, sentence of condemnation passed on it by Lord Macaulay.

As a picture of the time I really think it impossible to give it too much praise. It seems to me to be the very essence of all about the time that I have ever seen in biography or fiction presented in most wise and human lights, and in a thousand new and just aspects. I have never liked Johnson half so well. Nobody's contempt for Boswell ought to be capable of increase; but I have never seen him in my mind's eye half so plainly. The introduction of him is quite a masterpiece. I should point to that, if I did not know the author, as being done by somebody with a remarkably vivid conception of what he narrated, and a most admirable and fanciful power of communicating it to another. All about Reynolds is charming, and the first account of the Literary Club and of Boswell's introduction to it is as excellent a piece of description as ever I read in my life. But to read the book is to be in the time.

It lives again in as fresh and lively a manner as if it were presented on an impossibly good stage by the very best actors that ever lived, only the real actors come out of their graves on purpose.

I question very much whether it would have been a good thing for every great man to have had his Boswell, as I think that two Boswells — or three, at most — would have made great men extraordinarily false, and would have set them on always playing a part, and would have made distinguished people about them forever restless and distrustful. I can imagine a succession of Boswells bringing about a tremendous state of falsehood in society, and playing the very devil with confidence and friendship.

I will never hear the biography compared with Boswell's, except under vigorous protest. For I do say that it is mere folly to put into opposite scales a book, however amusing and curiously written by an unconscious coxcomb like that, and one which surveys and grandly understands the characters of all the illustrious company that move in it.

My dear Forster, I cannot sufficiently say how proud I am of what you have done, or how sensible I am of being so tenderly connected with it.\* When I look over this note I feel as if I had said no part of what I think; and yet if I were to write another I should say no more, for I can't get it out. I desire no better for my fame, when my personal destinies shall be past the control of my love of order than such a biographer and such a critic. And again I say most solemnly that literature in England has never had, and probably never will have, such a champion as you are in right of this book.†

\* It will be remembered that Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" is dedicated to Charles Dickens.

† Vol. i, p. 188, *et seq.*

\* Vol. i, pp. 174, 175.

† Ibid., p. 187.

In his letters Dickens not unfrequently, and always unreservedly, expresses his religious feelings. He was brought up, we believe, under Unitarian influences, and for some years, we think, was a member of an Unitarian Church. For many years he had relinquished any formal connection with the Unitarian body, and his children apparently were not educated as Unitarians; but we think he himself never formally joined any other communion or professed any orthodox creed. We have heard that difference of religious opinion was the origin of the unhappy dissensions which arose between him and his wife, who held the orthodox creed. It is abundantly clear from his letters that Dickens might have said as one said of himself, but in Dickens's case it would have been said with far greater truth, "that he had not much religion, but that the little he had was of the best sort."\* Nowhere does his religious faith find stronger expression than in the singularly beautiful letters he wrote to his friends on any occasion of a death in their families. We give an extract from his letter to his friend, the Rev. James White, who had lately lost a child.

I reserve the more serious part of my letter until the last, my dear White, because it comes from the bottom of my heart. None of your friends have thought and spoken oftener of you and Mrs. White than we have these many weeks past. I should have written to you, but was timid of intruding on your sorrow. What you say, and the manner in which you tell me I am connected with your recollection of your dear child, now among the angels of God, gives me courage to approach your grief to say what sympathy we have felt with it, and how we have not been unimaginative of those deep sources of consolation to which you have had recourse. The traveller who travelled in fancy from this world to the next was struck to the heart to find the child he had lost many years before building him a tower in heaven.

Our blessed Christian hopes do not shut out the belief of love and remembrance still enduring there, but irradiate it and make it sacred. Who should know that better than you do? Who more deeply feel the touching truths and comforts of that story in the older Book when the bereaved mother is asked, "Is it well with the child?" She answers, "It is well."<sup>t</sup>

We also give an extract from a letter to his friend the Hon. Mrs. Watson on the death of her husband.

\* This saying is attributed to the late Earl Fitzhardinge on the authority of Lord Palmerston. *Vide* Ashley's "Life of Palmerston," vol. ii.

<sup>t</sup> Vol. i., pp. 193, 194.

We have thought of you every day and every hour; we think of you now in the dear old house, and know how right it is for his dear children's sake that you should have bravely set up your rest in the place consecrated by their father's memory, and within the same summer shadows that fall upon his grave. We try to look on through a few years and to see the children brightening it, and George a comfort and a pride and an honor to you, and although it is hard to think of what we have lost, we know how something of it will be restored by your example and endeavors, and the blessing that will descend upon them. We know how the time will come when some reflection of that cordial, unaffected, most affectionate presence, which we can never forget, and never would forget if we could—such is God's great mercy—will shine out of your boy's eyes, upon you, his best friend and his last consoler, and fill the void there is now.

May God, who has received into his rest through this affliction as good a man as ever I can know and love and mourn for on this earth, be good to you, dear friend, through these coming years. May all those compassionate and hopeful lessons of the Great Teacher, who shed divine tears for the dead, bring their full comfort to you! I have no fear of that, my confidence is certainty.\*

In the same year in which Dickens lost his friend Watson, his friend Macready lost his wife. We cannot refrain from making this extract from Dickens's letter on the sad event.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have known her so well, have been so happy in her regard, have been so lighthearted with her, have interchanged so many tender remembrances of you with her when you were far away, and have seen her ever so simply and truly anxious to be worthy of you, that I cannot write as I would, and as I know I ought. As I would press your hand in your distress I let this note go from me. I understand your grief, I deeply feel the reason that there is for it, yet in that very feeling find a softening consolation that must spring up a hundred thousandfold for you. May Heaven prosper it in your breast, and spirits that have gone before from the regions of mercy to which they have been called smooth the path that you have to tread alone! Children are left you. Your good sister (God bless her) is by your side. You have devoted friends, and more reasons than most men to be self-reliant and steadfast. Something is gone that never in this world can be replaced, but much is left, and it is a part of her life, her death, her immortality.<sup>t</sup>

Even stronger evidence of Dickens's real but unobtrusive religion is given by the letters written to his sons on their passing from boyhood to active life. We

\* Vol. i., pp. 282, 283.

<sup>t</sup> Ibid., pp. 284, 285.

have space for only one illustration. To one of his sons, who had just entered at Cambridge, he writes :—

As your brothers have gone away one by one, I have written to each of them what I am now going to write to you. You know you have never been hampered with religious forms of restraint, and that with mere unmeaning forms I have no sympathy. But I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. Similarly, I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning.

These things have stood by me all through my life; and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you, and lovable by you when you were a mere baby.\*

His tender, but wise and judicious, affection for all his children appears in every one of his letters to them. We can give one example only. To his eldest daughter he writes :—

I am not engaged in the evening of your birthday. But even if I had an engagement of the most particular kind I should excuse myself from keeping it so that I might have the pleasure of celebrating at home, and among my children, the day that gave me such a dear and good daughter as you†.

From a letter to his friend Mr. Cergat, of Lansanne, we gain an intimation of the purpose he had in view in writing the history of "Little Emily" in "Copperfield."

I had previously observed much of what you say about the poor girls. In all you suggest with so much feeling about their return to virtue being cruelly cut off, I concur with a sore heart. I have been turning it over in my mind for some time, and hope in the history of Little Emily (who *must* fall, there is no hope for her) to put it before the thoughts of people in a new and pathetic way, and perhaps to do some good. You will be glad to hear, I know, that "Copperfield" is a great success. I think it is better liked than any of my other books.‡

Coexistent with this deep and sincere religious feeling there was, it is to all his readers — and who is not one of them? — almost too trite an observation, an equally deep and sincere hatred of cant and hum-

bug in all their diversified forms, which in his works is everywhere candidly and unreservedly expressed. This brought on him the suspicion and dislike of brethren of "the straitest sect of our religion," and from them many critical letters, mostly of the anonymous sort.

I venture to trespass [writes one of these nameless ones] on your attention with one serious query touching a sentence in the last number of "Bleak House." Do the supporters of Christian missions really deserve the attack that is conveyed in the sentence about Joe seated in his anguish on the doorstep of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts? The allusion is severe, but is it just? Are such boys as Joe neglected? What are ragged school town missions and many of those societies, I regret to see, sneered at in the last number of *Household Words*?

This drew from Dickens a reply, the opinion in which it is noteworthy had been formerly expressed by Dr. Arnold.\*

There was a long time during which benevolent societies were spending immense sums on missions abroad, when there was no such thing as a ragged school in England, or any kind of associated endeavor to penetrate to those horrible domestic depths in which such schools are now to be found, and where they were, to my most certain knowledge, neither placed nor discovered by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

If you think the balance between the home mission and the foreign mission justly held at the present time, I do not. I abstain from drawing the strange comparison that might be drawn between the sums even now expended in endeavors to remove the darkest ignorance and degradation from our very doors, because I have some respect for mistakes that may be founded in a sincere wish to do good. But I present a general suggestion of the still existing state of things (in such a paragraph as that which offends you) in the hope of inducing some people to reflection on this matter, and to adjust the balance more correctly. I am decidedly of the opinion that the two works, the home and the foreign, are *not* conducted with an equal hand, and that the home claim is by far the stronger and the more pressing of the two.

Indeed, I have very great doubts whether a great commercial country, holding communication with all parts of the world, can better Christianize the benighted portions of it than by the bestowal of its wealth and energy in the making of good Christians at home, and on the removal of neglected and untaught childhood from its streets before it wanders elsewhere. For if it steadily persist in this work, working downwards to the lowest, the travellers of all grades whom it sends abroad will

\* Vol. ii., p. 394, and see *Ibid.*, p. 402.

† *Ibid.* i., p. 205.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 211.

\* Stanley's Arnold, vol. ii., p. 66.

be good, exemplary, practical missionaries, instead of undoers of what the best professed missionaries can do.

These are my opinions, founded, I believe, on some knowledge of facts, and some observation.

If I could be scared out of them, let me add in all good-humor, by such easily-expressed words as "anti-Christian" or "irreligious," I should think that I deserved them in their real signification.

I have referred in vain to page 312 of *Household Words* for the sneer to which you called my attention, nor have I, I assure you, the least idea where else it is to be found.\*

It may fairly be claimed for Dickens, as one of the many services he rendered to the poorer classes of his countrymen, that he powerfully helped to bring about a readjustment of the balance between home and foreign missions. All churches now give much of their energies and support to home missions, without, so far as we can judge, any diminution of their foreign missionary enterprises.

One of the most amiable traits—and they are many in Dickens's character, as our extracts from his letters to Forster have already shown—was his sincere admiration for his fellow-workers in the field of literature. He evidently was entirely free from jealousy, and would never have found a place in any new edition of "The Quarrels of Authors." In asking Mrs. Gaskell to write for *Household Words*, he says :—

I do not know what your literary vows of temperance or abstinence may be, but as I do honestly know that there is no living writer whose aid I would desire to enlist in preference to the authoress of "Mary Barton," a book that most profoundly affected and impressed me, I venture to ask whether you can give me any hope that you will write a short tale, or any number of tales, for the projected pages.

No writer's name will be used, neither my own nor any other; every paper will be published without any signature, and all will seem to express the general mind and purpose of the journal, which is the raising up of those that are down, and the general improvement of our social condition. I should set a value on your help which your modesty can hardly imagine; and I am perfectly sure that the least result of your reflection or observation on the life around you would attract attention and do good.

Of course I regard your time as valuable, and consider it so when I ask you if you could devote any of it to this purpose. . . . My unaffected and great admiration of your book makes me very earnest in all relating to you.†

We take other illustrations of this trait in Dickens's character, from other sources than these letters. Thackeray presided at one of the anniversary festivals of the General Theatrical Fund; in proposing his health, Dickens said, —

Actors, managers, and authors are all represented in this company, and it may be supposed that they have all studied the deep wants of the human heart in many theatres, but none of them could have studied its mysterious workings in any theatre to greater advantage than in the bright and airy pages of "Vanity Fair." To this skilful showman, who has so often delighted us, and who has charmed us again to-night, we have now to wish "God speed," and that he may continue for many years to exercise his potent art.\*

When the Guild of Literature and Art visited Lord Lytton at Knebworth, Dickens, in proposing their health, thus expressed his feelings as to Lord Lytton and his works :—

Setting aside the orator and statesman—for happily we know no party here but this agreeable party—setting aside all this, you know very well that this is the home of a very great man, whose connection with Hertfordshire every other county in England will envy for many long years to come. You know that when this hall is dullest and emptiest you can make it, when you please, brightest and fullest by peopling it with the creatures of his brilliant fancy.

Let us all wish together that they may be many more—for the more they are the better they will be. I ask you to listen to their praises, and not to mine, and to let them, not me, propose his health.†

Considering Dickens's love of literature and his admiration of his literary contemporaries, it surprises us not to find in these volumes any mention of the most brilliant and most successful of them all. We mean Lord Macaulay. Macaulay's rejection at Edinburgh from sectarian prejudices, which Dickens could thoroughly appreciate; his unsolicited re-election; the unexampled success of his "History"; his elevation to the peerage as a tribute to literature; his sudden death,—all pass unnoticed. We know that Macaulay knew and admired Dickens. Mr. Trevelyan tells us that "he knew his 'Pickwick' almost as intimately as his 'Grandison,'"‡ and in a letter to Mr. Macvey Napier, Macaulay, expressing a wish to review Dickens's "American Notes,"

\* Dickens's Speeches on Literary and Social Occasions, p. 150.

† Vol. i., p. 197.

‡ Life, vol. i., p. 462.

\* Vol. ii., pp. 278, 279.

† Ibid. L, p. 216.

says, "I have never written a word on that subject (America), and I have a great deal in my head. Of course I shall be courteous to Dickens, whom I know and whom I think both a man of genius and a good-hearted man, in spite of some faults of taste."\* It is to be regretted that Macaulay did not carry out his intention of reviewing the "Notes."

Although we find no reference to Macaulay or any of his writings in these letters, we cannot imagine that Dickens was either ignorant of them, or did not admire them or the author. In one of his speeches we find a passage which, if it be not inspired by, or an imitation of, one of Macaulay's most brilliant passages, is a remarkable instance of coincidence of thought and expression.

In Macaulay's review of Mitford's "History of Greece," originally published in Charles Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, occurs the magnificently-expressed tribute to the literature of Greece :—

From which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the Western world. It is a subject [Macaulay continues] in which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge in the veneration of a worshipper and the gratitude of a child. All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power in every country and in every age have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them inspiring, encouraging, consoling, by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney; but who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? who shall say how many thousands have been wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.

Compare with this the following extract from Dickens's address at the soirée of the Manchester Athenæum, in 1843, the only occasion, so far as we know, on

which he stood on the same platform with Richard Cobden and Benjamin Disraeli, both of whom spoke on that occasion.

The man who lives from day to day by the daily exercise, in his sphere, of hands or head, and seeks to improve himself in such a place as the Athenæum, acquires for himself that property of soul which has in all times upheld struggling men of every degree, but self-made men especially and always. He secures to himself that faithful companion, which, while it has ever lent the light of its countenance to men of rank and eminence who have deserved it, has ever shed its brightest consolation in men of low estate and almost hopeless means. It took its patient seat beside Sir Walter Raleigh in his dungeon study in the Tower; it laid its head upon the block with More; but it did not disdain to watch the stars with Ferguson, the shepherd's boy; it walked the streets in mean attire with Crabbe; it was a poor barber here in Lancashire with Arkwright; it was a tallow chandler's son with Franklin; it worked at shoemaking with Bloomfield in his garret; it followed the plough with Burns; and, high above the noise of loom and hammer, it whispers courage even at this day in ears we could name in Sheffield and in Manchester.\*

Equally amiable was the kind consideration Dickens showed to young writers, and the pains he took in revising and improving their compositions. For instance, he writes to a young lady, on her first contribution to *Household Words* :—

I have devoted a couple of hours this evening in going very carefully over your paper (which I had read before), and to endeavor to bring it closer and to lighten it, and to give it that sort of compactness which a habit of composition and of disciplining one's thoughts like a regiment, and of studying the art of putting each soldier into his right place, may have gradually taught me to think necessary. I hope, when you see it in print, you will not be alarmed by my use of the pruning-knife. I have tried to exercise it with the utmost delicacy and discretion, and to suggest to you, especially towards the end, how this sort of writing (regard being had to the size of the journal in which it appears) requires to be compressed and is made pleasanter by compression. This all reads very solemnly, but only because I want you to read it (I mean the article) with as loving an eye as I have truly tried to touch it with a loving and gentle hand.†

On the appearance of that powerful, if somewhat disagreeable, book, Wilkie Collins's "Basil," Dickens wrote the author a letter, from which we make an extract

Macvey Napier's Correspondence, p. 308, published in 1824, and reprinted in Macaulay's "Miscellaneous Writings."

\* Dickens's Speeches, p. 79.  
† Vol. I., pp. 245, 246.

for the sake of the advice it contains to would-be writers :—

The story contains admirable writing and many clear evidences of a very delicate discrimination of character. It is delightful to find throughout that you have taken great pains with it besides, and have "gone at it" with a perfect knowledge of the jolter-headedness of the conceited idiots who suppose that volumes are to be tossed off like pancakes, and that any writing can be done without the utmost application, the greatest patience, and the steadiest energy of which the writer is capable.\*

In prospect of the general election of 1868 it was proposed to Dickens that he should allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh, and so, as we gather from the following extract, for Birmingham also.

I am much attached to the Edinburgh people. [He writes to the friend who made the proposal.] You may suppose, therefore, that if my mind were not fully made up on the Parliamentary question I should waver now. But my conviction that I am more useful and more happy as I am than I could ever be in Parliament is not to be shaken. I considered it some weeks ago when I had a stirring proposal from the Birmingham people, and I then set it up on a rock forever and a day.†

Of the wisdom of this decision there can be no doubt. Had Dickens been elected for Edinburgh he would have undergone like unpleasant experiences to those endured by the great man of letters who once represented the northern metropolis.

I am surrounded [writes Lord Macaulay from Edinburgh to his sister] by the din of a sort of controversy ‡ which is most distasteful to me. "Yes, Mr. Macaulay; that is all very well for a statesman; but what becomes of the headship of our Lord Jesus Christ?" And I cannot answer a constituent quite as bluntly as I should answer any one else who might reason after such a fashion.§

How little suited Dickens was to represent a Scotch constituency appears from the following ironical account of an Edinburgh Sunday :—

You know [he writes to a friend] the aspect of this city on a Sunday, and how gay and bright it is. The merry music of the blithe bells; the waving flags; the prettily decorated houses, with their blinds of various colors, and the radiant countenances at the windows and

in the streets. How charming they are! The usual preparations are making for the band in the open air in the afternoon; and the usual pretty children selected for that purpose are at this moment hanging garlands round the Scott monument preparatory to the innocent Sunday dance round that edifice, with which the diversions invariably close. It is pleasant to think that these customs were themselves of the early Christians—those early birds who didn't catch the worm and nothing else, and choked their young with it.\*

Our available space is filled and we must bring our extracts to a close. Our study of these letters has greatly increased our affectionate regard for Dickens's memory, and we trust we may induce such of our readers, if such there be, as have not read these volumes, to make themselves acquainted with their contents. We cannot leave our subject without expressing our thankfulness to the editors for having thus given us "another book from Charles Dickens's hands."

\* Vol. ii., p. 395.

#### ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

AUNT HEPZIBAH's house stood well up the hill, far enough away from the village to escape the hubbub and confusion which during the removal of any considerable store of spirit were most certain to prevail.

Hidden away in the recesses of a tortuous valley, amid hills whose steep sides bristled with tier after tier of bare, broken rocks, to reach or to leave Polperro by any other mode than on foot was a task of considerable difficulty. Wagons were unknown, carts not available, and it was only at the risk of his rider's life and limbs that any horse ventured along the perilous descents and ascents of the old Tolland road. Out of these obstacles, therefore, arose the necessity for a number of men who could manage the drays, dorsals, and crooks which were the more common and favored modes of conveyance. With the natural love of a little excitement, combined with the desire to do as you would be done by, it was only thought neighborly to lend a hand at whatever might be going on; and the general result of this sociability was that half the place might be found congregated about

\* Vol. i., p. 294.

† Ibid. ii., p. 390.

‡ The non-intrusion question was at its height in 1841, when this letter was written.

§ Life, vol. ii., p. 92.

the house, assisting to the best of their ability to impede all progress and successfully turn any attempt at work into confusion and disorder.

To add to this tumult, a keg of spirits was kept on tap, to which all comers were made free, so that the crowd grew first noisy and good-tempered, then riotously merry and quarrelsomely drunk, until occasions had been known when a general fight had ensued, the kegs had got burst open and upset, the men who were hired to deliver them lay maddened or helpless in the street, while the spirit for which liberty and life had been risked flowed into the gutters like so much water.

In vain had Adam, to whom these scenes afforded nothing but anger and disgust, used all his endeavors to persuade his fellow-workers to give up running the vessel ashore with the cargo in her. The Polperro men, except under necessity, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and in many cases preferred risking a seizure to foregoing the foolhardy recklessness of openly defying the arm of the law. The plan which Adam would have seen universally adopted here, as it was in most of the other places round the coast, was that of dropping the kegs, slung on a rope, into the sea, and (securing them by an anchor) leaving them there until some convenient season, when, certain of not being disturbed, they were landed, and either removed to a more distant hiding-place or conveyed at once to their final destination. But all this involved immediate trouble and delay, and the men, who without a complaint or murmur would endure weeks of absence from their homes, the moment those homes came in sight grew irritable under control and impatient of all authority.

With a spirit of independence which verged on rebellion, with an uncertain temperament in which good and bad lay jostled together so haphazard that to calculate which at any given moment might come uppermost was an impossibility, these sons of the sea were hard to lead and impossible to drive. Obstinate, credulous, superstitious, they looked askant on innovation and hated change, fearing lest it should turn away the luck which they vaunted in the face of discretion, making it their boast that so many years had gone by since any mischance had overtaken the Polperro folk that they could afford to laugh at the soldiers before their faces and snap their fingers at the cruisers behind their backs.

Under these circumstances it was not

to be supposed that Adam's arguments proved very effective: no proposition he made was ever favorably received, and this one was more than usually unpopular. So, in spite of his prejudice against a rule which necessitated the sequence of riot and disorder, he had been forced to give in, and to content himself by using his authority to control violence and stem as much as possible the tide of excess. It was no small comfort to him that Eve was absent, and the knowledge served to smooth his temper and keep down his irritability. Besides which, his spirits had risen to no common height, a frequent result of the reaction which sets in after great emotion, although Adam placed his happy mood to the credit of Eve's kind words and soft glances.

It was late in the afternoon before the kegs were all got out and safely cleared off; but at length the last man took his departure, the visitors began to disperse, Uncle Zebedee and Jerrem disappeared with them, and the house was left to the undisturbed possession of Joan and Adam.

"I shall bring Eve back when I come," Adam said, reappearing from the smartening up he had been giving to himself.

"All right!" replied Joan, but in such a weary voice that Adam's heart smote him for leaving her sitting there alone, and with a great effort at self-sacrifice he said, "Would you like to go too?"

"Iss, if I could go two p'raps I should," retorted Joan, "but as I'm only one p'raps I might find myself one in the way. There, go along with 'ee, do!" she added, seeing him still hesitate. "You know if there'd bin any chance o' my goin' you wouldn't ha' axed me."

A little huffed by this home-thrust, Adam waited for nothing more, but, turning away, he closed the door after him and set off at a brisk pace up the Lansallos road, toward Aunt Hepzibah's house.

The light had now all but faded out, and over everything seaward a cloudy film of mist hung thick and low; but this would soon lift up and be blown away, leaving the night clear and the sky bright with the glitter of a myriad stars, beneath whose twinkling light Adam would tell his tale of love and hear the sweet reply; and at the thought a thousand hopes leaped into life and made his pulses quicken and his nerves thrill. Strive as he might, arrived at Aunt Hepzibah's he could neither enter upon nor join in any general conversation; and so marked was his silence and embarrassed his manner that the assembled party came to the

charitable conclusion that something had gone wrong in the adjustment of his liquor; and knowing it was ticklish work to meddle with a man who with a glass beyond had fallen a drop short, they made no opposition to Eve's speedy preparations for immediate departure.

"Oh, Eve," Adam exclaimed, giving vent to deep-drawn sighs of relief as, having turned from the farm-gate, they were out of sight and hearing of the house, "I hope you're not vexed with me for seeming such a fool as I've been feeling there. I have been so longing for the time to come when I could speak to you that for thinking of it I couldn't talk about the things they asked me of."

"Why, whatever can you have to say of so much importance?" stammered Eve, trying to speak as if she was unconscious of the subject he was about to broach; and this from no coquetry, but because of an embarrassment so allied to that which Adam felt that if he could have looked into her heart he would have seen his answer in its tumultuous beating.

"I think you know," said Adam softly; and as he spoke he stooped to catch a glimpse of her averted face. "It's only what I'd on my lips to say last night, only the door was opened before I'd time to get the words out, and afterward you wouldn't so much as give me a look, although," he added reproachfully, "you sat up ever so long after I was gone, and only ran away when you thought that I was coming."

"No, indeed I didn't do that," said Eve earnestly: "that was Joan whom you heard. I went up-stairs almost the minute after you left."

"Is that really true?" exclaimed Adam, seizing both her hands and holding them tight within his own. "Eve, you don't know what I suffered, thinking you were caught by Jerrem's talk and didn't care whether I felt hurt or pleased. I lay awake most of the night, thinking whether it could ever be that you could care for me as by some magic you've made me care for you. I fancied ——"

But here a rustle in the hedge made them both start. Adam turned quickly round, but nothing was to be discovered.

"'Twas, most-like, nothing but a stoat or a rabbit," he said, vexed at the interruption: "still, 'tis all but certain there'll be somebody upon the road. Would you mind crossing over to the cliff? 'Tis only a little bit down the other side."

Eve raised no objection, and, turning, they picked their way along the field, got

over the gate and down through the tangle of gorse and brier to the path which ran along the Lansallos side of the cliff. Every step of the way was familiar to Adam, and he so guided Eve as to bring her down to a rough bit of rock which projected out and formed a seat on a little flat of ground overhanging a deep gully.

"There!" he said, in a tone of satisfaction, "this isn't so bad, is it? You won't feel cold here, shall you?"

"No, not a bit," said Eve.

Then there was a pause, which Eve broke by first giving a nervous, half-suppressed sigh, and then saying, "It's very dark to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Adam, who had been thinking how he should best begin his subject. "I thought the mist was going to clear off better than this, but that seems to look like dirty weather blowing up;" and he pointed to the watery shroud behind which lay the wanling moon.

"I wish a storm would come on," said Eve: "I should so like to see the sea tossing up and the waves dashing over everything."

"What! while we two are sitting here?" said Adam, smiling.

"No: of course I don't mean now, this very minute, but some time."

"Some time when I'm away at sea?" put in Adam.

Eve gave a little shudder: "Not for the world! I should be frightened to death if a storm came on and you away. But you don't go out in very bad weather, do you, Adam?"

"Not if I can help it, I don't," he answered. "Why, would you mind if I did?" and he bent down so that he could look into her face. "Eh, Eve, would you?"

His tone and manner conveyed so much more than the words that Eve felt it impossible to meet his gaze. "I don't know," she faltered. "What do you ask me for?"

"What do I ask you for?" he repeated, unable longer to repress the passionate torrent which he had been striving to keep under. "Because suspense seems to drive me mad. Because, try as I may, I can't keep silent any longer. I wanted, before I said more, to ask you about somebody you've left behind you at London; but it's of no use. No matter what he may be to you, I must tell you that I love you, Eve—that you've managed in this little time to make every bit of my heart your own."

"Somebody in London?" Eve silently repeated. "Who could he mean? Not Reuben May: how should he know about him?"

The words of love that followed this surprise seemed swallowed up in her desire to have her curiosity satisfied and her fears set at rest. "What do you mean about somebody I've left in London?" she said; and the question, abruptly put, jarred upon Adam's excited mood, strained as his feelings were, each to its utmost tension. This man she had left behind, then, could even at a moment like this stand uppermost in her mind.

"A man, I mean, to whom, before you left, you gave a promise;" and this time, so at variance was the voice with Adam's former tones of passionate avowal, that, coupled with the shock of hearing that word "promise," Eve's heart quailed, and to keep herself from betraying her agitation she was forced to say, with an air of ill-feigned amazement, "A man I left? somebody I gave a promise to? I really don't know what you mean."

"Oh yes, you do;" and by this time every trace of wooing had passed from Adam's face, and all the love so late set flowing from his heart was choked and forced back on himself. "Try and remember some fellow who thinks he's got the right to ask how you're getting on among the country bumpkins, whether you ain't tired of them yet, and when you're coming back. Perhaps," he added, goaded on by Eve's continued silence, "'twill help you if I say 'twas the one who came to see you off aboard the 'Mary Jane.' I suppose you haven't forgot him?"

Eve's blood boiled at the sneer conveyed in Adam's tone and look. Raising her eyes defiantly to his, she said, "Forgotten him? Certainly not. If you had said anything about the 'Mary Jane' before I should have known directly who you meant. That person is a very great friend of mine."

"Friend?" said Adam.

"Yes, friend — the greatest friend I've got."

"Oh, I'm very glad I know that, because I don't approve of friends. The woman I ask to be my wife must be contented with me, and not want anything from anybody else."

"A most amiable decision to come to," said Eve. "I hope you may find somebody content to be so dictated to."

"I thought I had found somebody

already," said Adam, letting a softer inflection come into his voice. "I fancied that at least, Eve, *you* were made out of different stuff to the women who are always hankering to catch every man's eye."

"And pray what should make you alter your opinion? Am I to be thought the worse of because an old friend who had promised he would be a brother to me, offers to see me off on my journey, and I let him come? You must have a very poor opinion of women, Adam, or at least a very poor opinion of me."

And the air of offended dignity with which she gave this argument forced Adam to exclaim, "Oh, Eve, forgive me if I have spoken hastily: it is only because I think so much more of you — place you so much higher than any other girl I ever saw — that makes me expect so much more of you. Of course," he continued, finding she remained silent, "you had every right to allow your friend to go with you, and it was only natural he should wish to do so; only when I'm so torn by love as I am I feel jealous of every eye that's turned upon you: each look you give another seems something robbed from me."

Eve's heart began to soften: her indignation was beginning to melt away.

"And when I heard he was claiming a promise, I —"

"What promise?" said Eve sharply.

"What promise did you give him?" replied Adam warily, suspicion giving to security another thrust.

"That's not to the point," said Eve. "You say I gave him a promise: I ask what that promise was?"

"The very question I put to you. I know what he says it was, and I want to hear if what he says is true. Surely," he added, seeing she hesitated, "if this is only a friend, and a friend who is to be looked on like a brother, you can't have given him any promise that if you can remember you can't repeat."

Eve's face betrayed her displeasure.

"Really, Adam," she said, "I know of no right that you have to take me to task in this manner."

"No," he answered: "I was going to ask you to give me that right when you interrupted me. However, that's very soon set straight. I've told you I love you: now I ask you if you love me, and if so whether you will marry me? After you've answered me I shall be able to put my questions without fear of offence."

"Will you, indeed?" said Eve. "I

should think that would rather depend upon what the answer may be."

"Whatever it may be, I'm waiting for it," said Adam grimly.

"Let me see: I must consider what it was I was asked," said Eve. "First, if —"

"Oh, don't trouble about the first: I shall be satisfied of that if you answer the second and tell me you will accept me as a husband."

"Say keeper."

"Keeper, if that pleases you better."

"Thank you very much, but I don't feel quite equal to the honor. I'm not so tired yet of doing what pleases myself that I need submit my thoughts and looks and actions to another person."

"Then you refuse to be my wife?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you cannot return the love I offer you?"

Eve was silent.

"Do you hear?" he said.

"Yes, I hear."

"Then answer: have I got your love, or haven't I?"

"Whatever love you might have had," she broke out passionately, "you've taken care to kill."

"Kill!" he repeated. "It must have been precious delicate if it couldn't stand the answering of one question. Look here, Eve. When I told you I had given you my heart and every grain of love in it, I only spoke the truth; but unless you can give me yours as whole and as entire as I have given mine, 'fore God I'd rather jump off yonder rock than face the misery that would come upon us both. I know what 'tis to see another take what should be yours — to see another given what you are craving for. The torture of that past is dead and gone, but the devil it bred in me lives still, and woe betide the man or woman who rouses it!"

Instinctively Eve shrank back: the look of pent-up passion frightened her and made her whole body shiver.

"There! there! don't alarm yourself," said Adam, passing his hand over his forehead as if to brush away the traces which this outburst had occasioned: "I don't want to frighten you. All I want to know is, can you give me the love I ask of you?"

"I couldn't bear to be suspected," faltered Eve.

"Then act so that you would be above suspicion."

"With a person always on the watch, looking out for this and that, so that one

would be afraid to speak or open one's mouth, I don't see how one could possibly be happy," said Eve. "All one did, all one said, might be taken wrongly, and when one were most innocent one might be thought most guilty. No: I don't think I could stand that, Adam."

"Very well," he said coldly. "If you feel your love is too weak to bear that, and a great deal more than that, you are very wise to withhold it from me: those who have much to give require much in return."

"Oh, don't think I haven't that in me which would make my love equal yours any day," said Eve, nettled at the doubt which Adam had flung at her. "If I gave any one my heart, I should give it all; but when I do that I hope it will be to somebody who won't doubt me and suspect me."

"Then I'd advise you not to give them cause to," said Adam.

"And I'd advise you to keep your cautions for those that need them," replied Eve, rising from where she had been sitting and turning her face in the direction of home.

"Oh, you needn't fear being troubled by any more I shall say," said Adam: "I'm only sorry that I've been led to say what I have."

"Pray don't let that trouble you: such things, with me, go in at one ear and out at the other."

"In that case I won't waste any more words," said Adam; "so if you can keep your tongue still you needn't fear being obliged to listen to anything I shall say."

Eve gave a little scornful inclination of her head in token of the accepted silence between them, and in silence the two commenced their walk and took their way toward home.

#### CHAPTER XX.

EXCEPT the long, surging roll of the waves, as in monotonous succession they dashed and broke against the rocks, not a sound was to be heard. The night had grown more lowering: the sprinkle of stars was hid behind the dense masses of cloud, through which, ever and anon, the moon, with shadowy face, broke out and feebly cast down a glimmering light. Below, the outspread stretch of water lay dark and motionless, its glassy surface cold and glittering like steel. Walking a little in the rear of Adam, Eve shuddered as her eyes fell on the depths, over whose brink the narrow path they trod

seemed hanging. Instinctively she shrank closer to the cliff-side, to be caught by the long trails of bramble which, with bracken and gorse, made the steep descent a bristly wall. Insensibly affected by external surroundings, unused to such complete darkness, the sombre aspect of the scene filled her with nervous apprehension: every bit of jutting rock she stumbled against was a yawning precipice, and at each step she took she died some different death. The terrors of her mind entirely absorbed all her former indifference and ill-humor, and she would have gladly welcomed any accident which would have afforded her a decent pretext for breaking this horrible silence. But nothing occurred, and they reached the open piece of green and were close on the crumbling ruins of St. Peter's Chapel without a word having passed between them. The moon struggled out with greater effort, and, to Eve's relief, showed that the zigzag dangers of the path were past, and there was now nothing worse to fear than what might happen on any uneven, grassy slope. Moreover, the buzz of voices was near, and, though they could not see the persons speaking, Eve knew by the sound that they could not be very far distant. Having before him the peculiar want of reticence generally displayed by the Polperro folk, Adam would have given much to have been in a position to ask Eve to remount the hill and get down by the other side; but under present circumstances he felt it impossible to make any suggestion: things must take their course. And without a word of warning he and Eve gained the summit of the raised elevation which formed a sheltered background to this favorite loitering-place, at once to find themselves the centre of observation to a group of men whose noisy discussion they had apparently interrupted.

"Why, 'tis my son Adam, ain't it?" exclaimed the voice of Uncle Zebedee; and at the sound of a little mingled hoarseness and thickness Adam's heart sank within him. "And who's this he's a got with un, eh?"

"'Tis me, Uncle Zebedee," said Eve, stepping down on to the flat and advancing toward where the old man stood lounging—"Eve, you know."

"Awh, Eve, is it?" exclaimed Zebedee. "Why, how long's t'wind veered round to your quarter, my maid? Be you two sweethearin' then, eh?"

"I've been all day up to Aunt Hepzibah's," said Eve quickly, endeavoring to

cover her confusion, "and Adam came to fetch me back: that's how it is we're together."

"Wa-al, but he needn't ha' fetched 'ee 'less he'd got a mind for yer company, I s'pose," returned Zebedee with a meaning laugh. "Come, come now: 't ull never do for 'ee to try to cabobble Uncle Zibe-dee. So you and Adam's courtin', be 'ee? Wa-al, there's nuffin' to be said agen that, I s'pose?" and he looked round as if inviting concurrence or contradiction. "Her's my poor brother An-dre'r's little maid, ye knaw, shipmates"—and here he made a futile attempt to present Eve to the assembled company—"what's dead—and drownded—and gone to Davy's locker; so, notwithstanding I'd lashins sooner 'twas our Joan he'd ha' fix'd on—Lord ha' massy!" he added parenthetically, "Joan's worth a horsgead o' she—still, what's wan man's mate's another man's pison; and, howsomever that lies, I reckon it needn't go for to hinder me fra' drinkin' their healths in a drap o' good liquor. So come along, my hearties;" and, making a movement which sent him forward with a lurch, he began muttering something about his sea-legs, the effect of which was drowned in the shout evincing the ready satisfaction with which this proposal for friendly conviviality was hailed.

Eve drew in her breath, trying to gather up courage and combat down the horrible suspicion that Uncle Zebedee was not quite himself, didn't exactly know what he was saying, had taken too much to drink. With congratulatory intent she found herself jostled against by two or three others near her, whose noisy glee and uncertain gait only increased her fears. What should she do? Where could she go? What had become of Adam? Surely he would not go and leave her amongst—

But already her question was answered by a movement from some one behind, who with a dexterous interposition succeeded in placing himself between Uncle Zebedee and herself.

"Father," and Adam's voice sounded more harsh and stern than usual, "leave Eve to go home as she likes: she's not used to these sort o' ways, and she will not take things as you mean them."

"Eh! what? How not mane 'em?" exclaimed old Zebedee, taken aback by his son's sudden appearance. "I arn't a said no harm that I knows by: there's no 'fence in givin' the maid a wet welcome, I s'pose."

A buzz of dissatisfaction at Adam's interference inspired Zebedee with renewed confidence, and with two or three sways in order to get the right balance he managed to bring himself to a standstill right in front of Adam, into whose face he looked with a comical expression of defiance and humor as he said, "Why, come long with us, lad, do 'ee, and name the liquor yerself, and see it passes round free and turn and turn about: and let's hab a song or two, and get up Rozzy Treloar wi' his fiddle, and Zeke Orgall there 'ull dance us a hornpipe;" and he began a double-shuffle with his feet, adding, as his dexterity came to a sudden and somewhat unsteady finish, "'Tis a ill wind that blows nobody no good, and a poor heart what never rejoices."

Eve during this time had been vainly endeavoring to make her escape—an impossibility, as Adam saw, under existing circumstances; and this decided him to use no further argument; but, with his arm put through his father's and in company with the rest of the group, he apparently conceded to their wishes, and, motioning Eve on, the party proceeded along the path, down the steps and toward the quay, until they came in front of the Three Pilchards, now the centre of life and jollity, with the sound of voices and the preparatory scraping of a fiddle to enhance the promise of comfort which glowed in the ruddy reflection sent by the bright lights and cheerful fire through the red window-curtain.

"Now, father," exclaimed Adam with a resolute grip of the old man's arm, "you and me are homeward bound. We'll welcome our neighbors some other time, but for this evening let's say good-night to them."

"Good-night?" repeated Zebedee: "how good-night? Why, what 'ud be the manin' o' that? None o' us ain't agoin' to part company here, I hopes. We'm all goin' to cast anchor to the same moorin's — eh, mates?"

"No, no, no!" said Adam, impatiently: "you come along home with me now."

"Iss, iss, all right!" laughed the old man, trying to wriggle out of his son's grasp; "only not just yet a whiles. I'm agoin' in here to drink your good health, Adam lad, and all here's a-comin' with me — ain't us, hearties?"

"Pack of stuff! Drink my health?" exclaimed Adam. "There's no more reason for drinking my health to-night than any other night. Come along now, father: you've had a hard day of it, you

know, and when you get home you can have whatever you want quietly by your own fireside."

But Zebedee, though perfectly good-humored, was by no means to be persuaded: he continued to laugh and writhe about as if the fact of his detention was merely a good joke on Adam's part, the lookers-on abetting and applauding his determination, until Adam's temper could restrain itself no longer, and with no very pleasant explosion of wrath he let go his hold and intimated that his father was free to take what course pleased him most.

"That's right, lad!" exclaimed old Zebedee heartily, shaking himself together. "You'm a good son and a capital sailor-man, but you'm pore company, Adam—verra pore company."

And with this truism (to which a general shout gave universal assent) ringing in his ears, Adam strode away up the street with all possible speed, and was standing in front of the house-door when he was suddenly struck by the thought of what had become of Eve. Since they had halted in front of the Three Pilchards he had seen nothing of her: she had disappeared, and in all probability had made her way home.

The thought of having to confront her caused him to hesitate: should he go in? What else could he do? where had he to go? So, with a sort of desperation, he pushed opened the door and found himself within the sitting-room. It was empty; the fire had burned low, the wick of the unsnuffed candle had grown long; evidently Eve had not returned; and with an undefined mixture of regret and relief Adam sat down, leaned his arms on the table and laid his head upon them.

During the whole day the various excitements he had undergone had so kept his mind on the stretch that its powers of keen susceptibility seemed now thoroughly exhausted, and in place of the acute pain he had previously suffered there had come a dull, heavy weight of despair, before which his usual force and determination seemed vanquished and powerless. The feeling uppermost was a sense of the injustice inflicted on him—that he, who in practice and principle was so far removed above his neighbors, should be made to suffer for their follies and misdeeds, should have to bear the degradation of their vices. As to any hope of reclaiming them, he had long ago given that up, though not without a certain disappointment in the omniscience of that

Providence which could refuse the co-operation of his valuable agency.

Adam suffered from that strong belief in himself which is apt, when carried to excess, to throw a shadow on the highest qualities. Outstepping the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not like other men, Adam thanked himself, and fed his vanity by the assurance that had the Polperro folk followed his lead and his advice they would now be walking in his footsteps; instead of which they had despised him as a leader and rejected him as a counsellor, so that, exasperated by their ignorance and stung by their ingratitude, he had cast them off and abandoned them forever; and out of this disappointment had arisen a dim shadow of some far-off future wherein he caught glimpses of a new life filled with fresh hopes and successful endeavors.

From the moment his heart had opened toward Eve her image seemed to be associated with these hitherto undefined longings: by the light of her love, of her presence, her companionship, all that had been vague seemed to take shape and grow into an object which was real and a purpose to be accomplished; so that now one of the sharpest pricks from the thorn of disappointment came of the knowledge that this hope was shattered and this dream must be abandoned. And, lost in moody retrospection, Adam sat stabbing desire with the sword of despair.

"Let me be! let me be!" he said in answer to some one who was trying to rouse him.

"Adam, it's me: do look up;" and in spite of himself the voice which spoke made him lift his head and look at the speaker. "Adam, I'm so sorry!" and Eve's face said more than her words.

"You've nothing to be sorry for," returned Adam sullenly.

"I want you to forgive me, Adam," continued Eve.

"I've nothing to forgive."

"Yes, you have;" and a faint flush of color came into her cheeks as she added with hesitating confusion, "You know I didn't mean you to take what I said as you did, Adam; because"—and the color suddenly deepened and spread over her face—"because I do care for you—very much indeed."

Adam gave a despondent shake of his head. "No, you don't," he said, steadily averting his eyes; "and a very good thing too. I don't know who that wasn't forced to it would willingly have anything to do with such a God-forsaken

place as this is. I only know I'm sick of it, and of myself and my life, and everything in it."

"Oh, Adam, don't say that—don't say you're sick of life. At least, not now;" and she turned her face so that he might read the reason.

"And why not now?" he asked stolidly. "What have I now that I hadn't before?"

"Why, you've got me."

"You? You said you couldn't give me the love I asked you for."

"Oh, but I didn't mean it. What I said was because I felt so hurt that you should suspect me as you seemed to."

"I never suspected you—never meant to suspect you. All I wanted you to know was that I must be all or nothing."

"Of course; and I meant that too, only you—— But there! don't let's drift back to that again;" and as she spoke she leaned her two hands upon his shoulders and stood looking down. "What I want to say is, that every bit of love I have is yours, Adam. I am afraid," she added shyly, "you had got it all before ever I knew whether you really wanted it or not."

"And why couldn't you tell me that before?" he said bitterly.

"Why, is it too late now?" asked Eve humbly.

"Too late? You know it can't be too late," exclaimed Adam, his old irritability getting the better of him: then, with a sudden revulsion of his overwrought susceptibilities, he cried, "Oh, Eve, Eve, bear with me to-night: I'm not what I want to be. The words I try to speak die away upon my lips, and my heart seems sunk down so low that nothing can rejoice it. To-morrow I shall be master of myself again, and all will look different."

"I hope so," sighed Eve tremulously. "Things don't seem quite between us as they ought to be. I sha'n't wait for Joan," she said, holding out her hand: "I shall go up-stairs now; so good-night, Adam."

"Good-night," he said: then, keeping hold of her hand, he drew her toward him and stood looking down at her with a face haggard and full of sadness.

The look acted as the last straw which was to swamp the burden of Eve's grief. Control was in vain, and in another instant, with Adam's arms around her, she lay sobbing out her sorrow on his breast, and the tears, as they came, thrust the evil spirit away. So that when, an hour later, the two said good-night again, their

vows had been exchanged and the troth that bound them plighted; and Adam, looking into Eve's face, smiled as he said, "Whether for good luck or bad, the sun of our love has risen in a watery sky."

## CHAPTER XXI.

MOST of the actions and events of our lives are chameleon-hued: their colors vary according to the light by which we view them. Thus Eve, who the night before had seen nothing but happiness in the final arrangement between Adam and herself, awoke on the following morning with a feeling of dissatisfaction and a desire to be critical as to the rosy hues which seemed then to color the advent of their love.

The spring of tenderness which had burst forth within her at sight of Adam's humility and subsequent despair had taken Eve by surprise. She knew, and had known for some time, that much within her was capable of answering to the demands which Adam's pleading love would most probably require; but that he had inspired her with a passion which would make her lay her heart at his feet, feeling for the time that, though he trampled on it, there it must stay, was a revelation entirely new, and, to Eve's temperament, rather humiliating. She had never felt any sympathy with those lovesick maidens whose very existence seemed swallowed up in another's being, and had been proudly confident that even when supplanted she should never seem to stoop lower than to accept. Therefore, just as we experience a sense of failure when we find our discernment led astray in our perception of a friend, so now, although she studiously avoided acknowledging it, she had the consciousness that she had utterly misconceived her own character, and that the balance by which she had adjusted the strength of her emotions had been a false one. A dread ran through her lest she should be seized hold upon by some further inconsistency, and she resolved to set a watch on the outposts of her senses, so that they might not betray her into further weakness.

These thoughts were still agitating her mind when Joan suddenly awoke, and after a time roused herself sufficiently to say, "Why, whatever made you pop off in such a hurry last night, Eve? I runned in a little after ten, and there wasn't no signs of you nowhere; and then I come upon Adam, and he told me you was gone up to bed."

"Yes," said Eve: "I was so tired, and

my foot began to ache again, so I thought there wasn't any use in my sitting up any longer. But you were very late, Joan, weren't you?"

"Very early, more like," said Joan: "'twas past wan before I shut my eyes. Why, I come home three times to see if uncle was back; and then I wouldn't stand it no longer, so I went and fetched un."

"What, not from—where he was?" exclaimed Eve.

Joan nodded her head. "Oh lors!" she said, "tain't the fust time by many; and," she added in a tone of satisfaction, "I lets 'em know when they've brought Joan Hocken down among 'em. I had Jerrem out, and uncle atop of un, 'fore they knawed where they was. Awh, I don't stand beggin' and prayin', not I: 'tis 'whether or no, Tom Collins,' when I come, I can tell 'ee."

"Well, they'd stay a very long time before they'd be fetched by me," said Eve emphatically.

"Awh, don't 'ee say that, now," returned Joan. "Where do 'ee think there'd be the most harm in, then—sittin' comfortable at home when you might go down and 'tice 'em away, or the goin' down and doin' of it?"

"I've not a bit of patience with anybody who drinks," exclaimed Eve, evading a direct answer.

"Then you'll never cure anybody of it, my dear," replied Joan. "You'm like Adam there, I reckon—wантин' to set the world straight in one day, and all the folks in it bottommost side upward; but, as I tell un, he don't go to work the right way. They that can't steer 'ull never sail; and I'll bet any money that when it comes to be counted up how many glasses o' grog's been turned away from uncle's lips, there'll be more set to the score o' my coakin' than ever 'ull be to Adam's ballyraggin'."

"Perhaps so," said Eve; and then, wishing to avoid any argument into which Adam could be brought, she adroitly changed the subject, and only indifferent topics were discussed until, their dressing completed, the two girls were ready to go down-stairs.

The first person who answered the summons to breakfast was Uncle Zebedee—not heavy-eyed and shamefaced, as Eve had expected to see him, but bright and rosy-cheeked as an apple. He had been up and out since six o'clock, looking after the repairs which a boat of his was laid up to undergo, and now, as he came

into the house fresh as a lark, he chirruped in a quavery treble,—

"Tom Truelove wooed the sweetest fair  
That e'er to tar was kind:  
Her face was of a booty rare—

That's for all the world what yourn is," he said, breaking off to bestow a smacking kiss on Joan. "So look sharp, like a good little maid as you be, and gi'e us sommat to sit down for;" and he drew a chair to the table and began flourishing the knife which had been set there for him. Then, catching sight of Eve, whose face, in her desire to spare him, betrayed an irrepressible look of consciousness, he exclaimed, "Why, they've bin tellin' up that I was a little over-free in my speech last night about you, Eve: is there any truth in it, eh? I doan't fancy I could ha' said much amiss—did I?"

"Oh, nothing to signify, uncle."

"'Twas sommat 'bout you and Adam, warn't it?" he continued with a puzzled air: "'tis all in my head here, though I can't zackly call it to mind. That's the devil o' bein' a little o'ertook that ways," he added with the assurance of meeting ready sympathy: "'tis so bafflin' to set things all ship-shape the next mornin'. I minds so far as this, that it had somehow to do with me holdin' to it that you and Adam was goin' to be man and wife; but if you axes for the why and the wherefore, I'm blessed if I can tell 'ee."

"Why, whatever put such as that into your head?" said Joan sharply.

"Wa'al, the liquor, I reckon," laughed Zebedee. "And, somehow or 'nother, Maister Adam didn't seem to have overmuch relish for the notion;" and he screwed up his face and hugged himself together as if his whole body was tickled at his son's discomfiture. "But there! never you mind that, Eve," he added hastily: "there's more baws than one to Polperro, and I'll wager for a half-score o' chaps ready to hab 'ee without yer waitin' to be took up by my son Adam."

Poor Eve! it was certainly an embarrassing situation to be placed in, for, with no wish to conceal her engagement, to announce it herself alone, and unaided by even the presence of Adam, was a task she naturally shrank from. In the endeavor to avoid any direct reply she sat watching anxiously for Adam's arrival, her sudden change of manner construed by Zebedee into the effect of wounded vanity, and by Joan into displeasure at her uncle's undue interference. By sun-

dry frowns and nods of warning Joan tried to convey her admonitions to old Zebedee, in the midst of which Adam entered, and with a smile at Eve and an inclusive nod to the rest of the party took a chair and drew up to the table.

"Surely," thought Eve, "he intends telling them."

But Adam sat silent and occupied with the plate before him.

"He can't think I can go living on here with Joan, even for a single day, and they not know it;" and in her perplexity she turned on Adam a look full of inquiry and meaning.

Still, Adam did not speak: in his own mind he was casting over the things he meant to say when, breakfast over and the two girls out of the way, he would invite his father to smoke a pipe outside, during the companionship of which he intended taking old Zebedee decidedly to task, and, putting his intended marriage with Eve well to the front, clinch his arguments by the startling announcement that unless some reformation was soon made he would leave his native place and seek a home in a foreign land. Such words and such threats as these could not be uttered to a father by a son save when they two stood quite alone; and Adam, after meeting a second look from Eve, shook his head, feeling satisfied that she would know that only some grave requirement deterred him from immediately announcing the happiness which henceforth was to crown his life. But our intuition, at the best, is somewhat narrow, and where the heart is most concerned most faulty: therefore Eve, and Adam too, felt each disappointed in the other's want of acquiescence, and inclined to be critical on the lack of mutual sympathy.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked Jerrem, smiling and apparently more radiant than usual under the knowledge that he was more than usually an offender. Joan who had her own reasons for being very considerably put out with him, was not disposed to receive him very graciously; Adam vouchsafed him no notice whatever; Uncle Zebedee, oppressed by the sense of former good-fellowship, thought it discreet not to evince too much cordiality; so that the onus of the morning's welcome was thrown upon Eve, who, utterly ignorant of any offence Jerrem had given, thought it advisable to make amends for the pettish impatience she feared she had been betrayed into on the previous morning.

Old Zebedee, whose resolve seldom

lasted over ten minutes, soon fell into the swing of Jerrem's flow of talk; a little later on and Joan was forced to put in a word; so that the usual harmony was just beginning to recover itself when, in answer to a remark which Jerrem had made, Eve managed to turn the laugh so cleverly back upon him that Zebedee, well pleased to see what good friends they were growing, exclaimed, "Stop her mouth! stop her mouth, lad! I'd ha' done it when I was your years twenty times over 'fore this. Her's too sarcy — too sarcy by half, her is."

Up started Jerrem, but Adam was before him. "I don't know whether what I'm going to say is known to anybody here already," he burst out, "but I think it's high time that some present should be told by me that Eve has promised to be my wife;" and, turning, he cast a look of angry defiance at Jerrem, who, thoroughly amazed, gradually sank down and took possession of his chair again, while old Zebedee went through the dumb show of giving a long whistle, and Joan, muttering an unmeaning something, ran hastily out of the room. Eve, angry and confused, turned from white to red and from red to white.

A silence ensued — one of those pauses when some event of our lives seems turned into a gulf to separate us from our former surroundings.

Adam was the first to speak, and with a touch of irony he said, "You're none of you very nimble at wishing us joy, I fancy."

"And no wonder, you've a-took us all aback so," said old Zebedee. "'T seems to me I'm foaced to turn it round and round afore I can swaller it for rale right-down truth."

"Why, is it so very improbable, then?" asked Adam, already repenting the abruptness of the disclosure.

"Wa-al, 'twas no later than last night, that you was swearin' agen and cussin' everybody from stem to stern for so much as mentionin' it as likely. Now," he added, with as much show of displeasure as his cheery, weatherbeaten old face would admit of, "I'll tell 'ee the mind I've got to 'ard these sort o' games: if you see fit to board folks in the smoke, why do it and no blame to 'ee, but hang me if I can stomach 'ee sailin' under false colors."

"There wasn't anything of false colors about us, father," said Adam in a more conciliatory tone; "for, though I had certainly spoken to Eve, it was not until

after I'd parted with you last night that she gave me her answer."

"Awh!" said the old man, only half propitiated. "Wa-al, I s'pose you can settle your consarns without my help; but I can tell 'ee this much, that if my Joanna had took so long afore she could make her mind up, I'm blamed if her ever should ha' had the chance o' bein' your mother, Adam — so there!"

Adam bit his lip with vexation. "There's no need for me to enter upon any further explanations," he said: "Eve's satisfied, I'm satisfied, so I don't see why you shouldn't be satisfied."

"Awh, I'm satisfied enough," said Zebedee; "and, so far as that goes, though I ain't much of a hand at speechifyin', I hopes that neither of 'ee 'ull never have no raison to repent yer bargain. Eve's a fine bowerly maid, so you'm well matched there; and so long as she's ready to listen to all you say and bide by all you tells her, why 'twill be set fair and sail easy."

"I can assure you Eve isn't prepared to do anything of the sort, Uncle Zebedee," exclaimed Eve, unable to keep silence any longer. "I've always been told if I'd nothing else I've got the Pascals' temper; and that, according to your own showing, isn't very fond of sitting quiet and being rode over rough-shod."

The whistle which Uncle Zebedee had tried to choke at its birth now came out shrill, long, and expressive, and Adam, jumping up, said, "Come, come, Eve: we've had enough of this. Surely there isn't any need to take such idle talk as serious matter. If you and me hadn't seen some good in one another we shouldn't have taken each other, I suppose; and, thank the Lord, we haven't to please anybody but our two selves."

"Wa-al, 'tis to be hoped you'll find that task easier than it looks," retorted Uncle Zebedee with a touch of sarcasm; while Jerrem, after watching Adam go out, endeavored to throw a tone of regret into the flattering nothings he now whispered by way of congratulation, but Eve turned impatiently away from him. She had no further inclination to talk or to be talked to; and Uncle Zebedee having by this time sought solace in a pipe, Jerrem joined him outside, and the two sauntered away together toward the quay.

Left to the undisturbed indulgence of her own reflections, Eve's mood was no enviable one — the more difficult to bear because she had to control the various emotions struggling within her. She felt

it was time for plain speaking between her and Adam, and rightly judged that a proper understanding come to at once would be the safest means of securing future comfort. Turn and twist Adam's abrupt announcement as she would, she could assign but one cause for it, and that cause was an overweening jealousy; and as the prospect came before her of a lifetime spent in the midst of doubt and suspicion, the strength of her love seemed to die away and her heart grew faint within her. For surely if the demon of jealousy could be roused by the sight of commonplace attentions from one who was in every way like a brother—for so in Eve's eyes Jerrem seemed to be—what might not be expected if at any time circumstances threw her into the mixed company of strangers? Eve had seen very little of men, but whenever chance had afforded her the opportunity of their society she had invariably met with attention, and had felt inwardly gratified by the knowledge that she was attracting admiration; but now, if she gave way to this prejudice of Adam's, every time an eye was turned toward her she would be filled with fear, and each time a look was cast in her direction her heart would sink with dread.

What should she do? Give him up? Even with the prospect of possible misery staring at her, Eve could not say yes, and before the thought had more than shaped itself a dozen suggestions were battling down the dread alternative. She would change him, influence him, convert him—anything but give him up or give in to him. She forgot how much easier it is to conceive plans than to carry them out—to arrange speeches than to utter them. She forgot that only the evening before, when, an opportunity being afforded, she had resolved upon telling Adam the whole circumstance of Reuben May and the promise made between them, while the words were yet on her lips she had drawn them back because Adam had said he knew that the promise was "nothing but the promise of a letter;" and Eve's courage had suddenly given way, and by her silence she had led him to conclude that nothing else had passed between them. Joan had spoken of the envious grudge which Adam had borne toward Jerrem because he had shared in his mother's heart, so that this was not the first time Adam had dropped in gall to mingle with the cup of his love.

The thought of Joan brought the fact of her unexplained disappearance to Eve's

mind, and, full of compunction at the bare suspicion of having wounded that generous heart, Eve jumped up with the intention of seeking her and of bringing about a satisfactory explanation. She had not far to go before she came upon Joan, rubbing and scrubbing away as if the welfare of all Polperro depended on the amount of energy she could throw into her work. Her face was flushed and her voice unsteady, the natural consequences of such violent exercise, and which Eve's approach but seemed to lend greater force to.

"Joan, I want to speak to you."

"Awh, my dear, I can't listen to no spakin' now," replied Joan hastily, "and the tables looking as they do."

"But Tabithy always scrubs the tables, Joan: why should you do it?"

"Tabithy's arms ain't half so young as mine—worse luck for me or for she!"

Having by this time gained a little insight into Joan's peculiarities, Eve argued no further, but sat herself down on a convenient seat, waiting for the time when the rasping sound of the brush would come to an end. Her patience was put to no very great tax, for after a few minutes Joan flung the brush along the table, exclaiming, "Awh, drabbit the ole scrubbin'! I must give over. I b'lieve I've had enuf of it for this time, 't all events."

"Joan, you ain't hurt with me, are you?" said Eve, trying to push her into the seat from which she had just risen. "I wanted to be the first to tell you, only that Adam spoke as he did, and took all I was going to say out of my mouth. It leaves you to think me dreadfully sly."

"Awh, there wasn't much need for tellin' me," said Joan with a sudden relax of manner. "When I didn't shut my eyes o' purpose I could tell, from the first, what was certain to happen."

"It was more than I could, then," said Eve. "I hadn't given it a thought that Adam meant to speak to me, and when he asked me I was quite taken aback, and said 'No' for ever so long."

"What made 'ee change yer mind so sudtent, then?" said Joan bluntly.

Eve hesitated. "I hardly know," she said, with a little confusion. "I think it was seeing him so cast down made me feel so dreadfully sorry."

"H'm!" said Joan. "Didn't 'ee never feel no sorrow for t'other poor chap that wanted to have 'ee—he to London, Reuben May?"

"Not enough to make me care in that way for him: I certainly never did."

"And do you care for Adam, then?"

"I think I do."

"Think?"

"Well, I am sure I do."

"That's better. Well, Eve, I'll say this far;" and Joan gave a sigh before the other words would come out: "I'd rather it should be you than anybody else I ever saw."

The struggle with which these words were said, their tone and the look in Joan's face, seemed to reveal a state of feeling which Eve had not suspected. Throwing her arms round her, she cried out, "Oh, Joan, why didn't he choose you? You would have been much better for him than me."

"Lord bless the maid!"—and Joan tried to laugh through her tears—"I wouldn't ha' had un if he'd axed me. Why, there'd ha' bin murder 'tween us 'fore a month was out: us 'ud ha' bin hung for one 'nother. No: now don't 'ee take no such stuff as that into yer head, 'cos there's no sense in it. Adam's never looked 'pon me not more than a sister;" and, breaking down, Joan sobbed hysterically; "and when you two's married I shall feel zackly as if he was a brother, and be gladder than e'er a one else to see how happy you makes un."

"That's if I do make him happy," said Eve sadly.

"There's no fear but you'll do that," said Joan, resolutely wiping the tears from her eyes; "and 'twill be your own fault if you bain't happy too yourself, Eve. Adam's got his fads to put up with, and his fancies same as other men have, and a masterful temper to keep under, as nobody can tell better than me; but for rale right-down goodness I shouldn't know where to match his fellow—not if I was to search the place through; and, mind 'ee, after all, that's something to be proud of in the man you've got to say maister to."

Eve gave a little smile: "But he must let me be mistress, you know, Joan."

"All right! only don't you stretch that too far," said Joan warningly, "or no good 'ull come of it; and be foreright in all you do, and spake the truth to un. I've many a time wished I could, but with this to hide o' that one's and that to hush up o' t'other's, I know he holds me for a down-right liard; and so I am by his measure, I 'spect."

"I'm sure you're nothing of the sort, Joan," said Eve. "Adam's always saying how much people think of you. He told me only yesterday that he was certain

more than half the men of the place had asked you to marry them."

"Did he?" said Joan, not wholly displeased that Adam should hold this opinion. "Awh, and ax they may, I reckon, afore I shall find a man to say 'Yes' to."

"That is what I used to think myself," said Eve.

"Iss, and so you found it till Roger put the question," replied Joan decisively. Then, after a minute's pause, she added, "What be 'ee goin' to do 'bout the poor sawl to London, then—eh? You must tell he somehow?"

"Oh, I don't see that," said Eve. "I mean to write to him, because I promised I would; and I shall tell him that I've made up my mind not to go back, but I sha'n't say anything more. There isn't any need for it, that I see—at least, not yet a while."

"Best to tell un all," argued Joan. "Why shouldn't 'ee? 'Tis the same, so far as you're concerned, whether he's killed to wance or dies by inches."

But Eve was not to be persuaded. "There isn't any reason why I should," she said.

"No reason?" replied Joan. "Oh, Eve, my dear," she added, "don't 'ee let happiness harden your heart: if love is sweet to gain, think how bitter 'tis to lose; and, by all you've told me, you'll forfeit a better man than most in Reuben May."

From Fraser's Magazine.  
WHAT SHAKESPEARE LEARNT AT  
SCHOOL.

MANY students of Shakespeare on reading the above heading may be disposed to turn away, partly from the feeling expressed by Mr. Ward in his "History of English Dramatic Literature," "that the vexed question as to Shakespeare's classical attainments is in reality not worth discussing," and partly from the conviction that whether of special interest or not the subject has been worked out. This feeling is certainly natural, and I must confess to having a good deal of sympathy with it myself. Those who are familiar with the treatment of Shakespeare's scholarship by Whalley and Upton, or even at times in the useful notes of the variorum edition, may be pardoned for feeling only a languid interest in the question. Upton's cloud of references to Greek and Roman authors

has often no real connection with Shakespeare at all: his favorite plan being to make an arbitrary change in the text by substituting some word or phrase, on which he can hang a string of classical quotations. And short of this extreme, the subject was often treated by the last century editors in a somewhat unfruitful and tedious way. The vague verbal coincidences and farfetched allusions on the strength of which passages were often pronounced parallel, the minute but scrappy and irrelevant learning of the notes and annotations, are enough to inspire distaste of the whole subject. And it would not be surprising if ardent readers in an access of impatience at the critics and zeal for the poet should resolve to confine themselves to the text without note or comment of any kind. Indeed, this result has already been reached by at least one earnest student of Shakespeare. Mr. Harold Littledale, in his introduction to the Shakespeare Society's edition of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" expresses this feeling as follows : "Let us have various readings to any extent, and a carefully prepared text, but why must the wretched student of modern Shakespeare go wading through a vast quagmire of critical opinion and confutation, before he is allowed to catch a glimpse of the pure Shakespeare stream, as it gleams faintly and far out over the tangled mazes of this dismal editorial swamp?" However natural this feeling may be, it would not be easy to act on it just now, when, amidst the multiplication of Shakespeare Societies and the revival of different schools of Shakespearian criticism most of the old questions are being reconsidered with a thoroughness that half atones for the almost inevitable minuteness and prolixity of such discussions. The question of Shakespeare's learning may, I think, fairly be reconsidered with the rest. For, although this particular sheaf of the great harvest has been, like so many others, pretty fully thrashed out, there are still a few golden grains remaining which it may be worth while to collect and preserve. This is the object of the present paper. I purpose gathering together some indirect points of evidence bearing on the subject that have hitherto been overlooked. The question of Shakespeare's classical quotations is a larger one, and in dealing with it I hope to throw some further light on the sources he employed as well as on his method of using them.

The materials for a trustworthy esti-

mate of Shakespeare's attainments are to be looked for in various quarters which may be indicated at the outset. We have the indirect evidence supplied by the learned allusions scattered through his dramas and the more direct evidence furnished by his earliest tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," and especially by his earliest comedy, "Love's Labor's Lost." One main object of the comedy being to satirize pedantry, to expose the tasteless display of learning, the mere parade of scholastic technicalities, the writer must obviously have had some personal knowledge of the thing paraded in order that the satire may be relevant and effective. So far the evidence here is more vital and direct than that afforded by incidental allusions to the mythology and legendary history of Greece and Rome. Shakespeare's genius seems first, as Coleridge suggests, to have dealt with the familiar elements of his own recent experience, before going further afield to find in the wider world of home and foreign literature fitting subjects for its more arduous maturing and complex efforts.

In connection with this comes another important source whence materials for judgment may be derived — the probable course of instruction in Stratford Grammar School during the years when Shakespeare was a pupil there. I will deal with this point first, as its exposition may help to connect and illustrate the scattered and fragmentary evidence derived from an examination of his writings. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the actual extent of Shakespeare's classical knowledge, there can be no doubt that he had a very fair education; and it is almost equally certain that he must have obtained it in the grammar school of his native town. About the date at which, according to the customs of the time, he would naturally be sent to school, his father, Master John Shakespeare, was not only a prosperous burgess, but the chief magistrate of Stratford, and we may be sure that he, as well as Shakespeare's gently-descended mother, Mary Arden of the Ashbies, would be most anxious that their eldest son should have the best education to be obtained in the locality. According to an authority I shall presently quote, children were often sent to the petty school, or English side of the grammar school, about the age of five, and after remaining there two years entered the grammar school proper, and began the study of Latin at seven. If they completed the

full course of instruction, they remained till their fifteenth or sixteenth year, when they left, prepared for commercial or professional life, or, in special cases, for a course of university study. We know that, in consequence of the altered state of his father's circumstances, Shakespeare was withdrawn from school before he had completed the full term, and it is usually assumed on tolerably good grounds that he left in 1578, when he had just completed his fourteenth year. The question is, What did Shakespeare probably learn during the six or seven years he was a pupil in the grammar school of his native town? In other words, What was the course of instruction in a provincial grammar school like that of Stratford-upon-Avon in the second half of the sixteenth century? This question has recently been raised by Mr. Furnivall in his zeal to find out all that can be known about Shakespeare. Mr. Lupton's reply to Mr. Furnivall's inquiry as to what Shakespeare probably learned at school contains some valuable notes of the old grammar school curriculum, derived from charters and foundation deeds, and some useful hints as to the directions in which further information might in all likelihood be obtained. These hints will probably be turned to good account by some of the many enthusiastic volunteers who are now happily engaged in exploring the obscure and difficult questions connected with Shakespeare's history and work.

Meanwhile, as a help towards the further elucidation of the subject, I may put together some notes of my own made before the New Shakespeare Society had started into existence. It is perhaps appropriate that the question should be rediscussed in these pages, as by far the best things ever said on the learning of Shakespeare appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* forty years ago. In three papers, marked by his well-known learning and literary power, Dr. Maginn pierced the pedantic and inflated "Essay" of Farmer into hopeless collapse. In his own day it is true this once celebrated essay did some good by abating the extravagant claims on behalf of Shakespeare's scholarship made by Upton, Whalley, and others. They tried to show that Shakespeare was, like Ben Jonson, a regularly-built scholar, as familiar with the Greek dramatists, and as well read in the chief monuments of classical literature, as though he had gone through a distinguished university course. Their ingenious labors were indeed an

amusing but desperate attempt on the part of academic critics to appropriate Shakespeare, to annex him as it were to the academic interest. The real, though perhaps hardly conscious, aim was to show that Shakespeare, instead of being as some supposed an illiterate comedian and playwright, was a scholarly and respectable person, who might have been admitted to dine in the hall of a college, and take part in the conversation of its learned members. In short, they claim for Shakespeare that he was worthy of academic recognition, and they do this on the narrow and technical grounds which in their day were almost the only ones that would have been generally recognized as relevant and valid. Upton, who was prebendary of Rochester, virtually confesses this in the motto prefixed to his "Critical Observations :" —

Ne forte pudori  
Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.

But the zeal of these academic apologists completely outran all critical discretion. Their method of proof was simply that of assuming that wherever Shakespeare referred to the incidents of mythological fable or heroic story, he must have gained his knowledge of them, at first hand, from classical sources. Allusions to the hunting expedition of Dido and Aeneas, or to the desertion of the queen by the pious hero, were held to prove Shakespeare's familiarity with Virgil. If he speaks of "Jove in a thatched house," he must have read the fable of Baucis and Philemon, in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid; while an allusion to "Circe's cup" was supposed to show his acquaintance with the "Odyssey." The refutation of these extreme positions was comparatively easy, but Farmer, not satisfied with showing how baseless they were, went much further. He virtually maintained that, as Shakespeare might have obtained his classical knowledge from English sources, and in many cases really did so, he must have been ignorant of the originals and incapable of making any use of them. "He remembered," says Farmer, "perhaps enough of his schoolboy learning to put the *hig, hag, hog* into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up, in the writers of the time or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French and Italian, but his studies were most demonstratively confined to nature and his own language." Dr. Maginn has abundantly exposed the illogical character and false conclusions of Farmer's reason-

ing on the subject. His position is indeed as extreme on one side as that of the critics he attacked is on the other. As we shall presently see, the truth probably lies between the rival contentions. Shakespeare was neither so learned as the early critics assumed, nor so ignorant as the later tried to demonstrate. As an acute writer humorously expresses it: "Although the alleged imitation of the Greek tragedians is mere nonsense, yet there is clear evidence that Shakespeare received the ordinary grammar school education of his time, and that he had derived from the pain and suffering of several years, not exactly an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, but, like Eton boys, a firm conviction that there are such languages."

This settlement of the question, though delightfully brief and pointed, and perhaps not very far from the truth, is nevertheless somewhat too summary for the purpose in hand. We must try to ascertain, if possible, what the ordinary grammar-school education of Shakespeare's time actually was, so as to answer, in some detail, the question as to what he would be likely to learn during the six or seven years' training in his native town. For this purpose, Carlisle's "Description of the Endowed Grammar Schools of England and Wales" is no doubt useful, though after some examination, I may say, not so useful as might have been expected. It supplies, as Mr. Lupton says, materials for answering the question; but these are hardly the best available, being for the most part too vague and general to be of special value. The deeds of founders, the school statutes and ordinances, while describing, in general terms, the kind of education to be given, rarely descend to particulars as to the actual curriculum of school teaching. They do not enable us to realize with sufficient distinctness the different grades of progress, the forms into which the schools were commonly divided, and the books that a boy would usually read in making his way from the lowest to the highest. I shall endeavor to throw some light on these points, by means of two works, once widely known, but now forgotten. The older of these is the "*Ludus Literarius, or Grammar Schoole,*" of John Brinsley, published in the year 1612. The expanded title: "Shewing how to proceede from the first entrance into learning, to the highest perfection required in the grammar schooles, with ease, certainty, and delight both to mas-

ters and schollars: only according to our common grammar and ordinary classical authours"—sufficiently illustrates the main design of the treatise. The "*Ludus Literarius*" is an acute and interesting work, full of illustrations of the actual teaching in the grammar schools of the time, as well as of fruitful suggestions for its improvement. Brinsley was not only an accomplished scholar and critic, but a born teacher, with genuine enthusiasm for the work and having ideas as to more simple and efficient methods of teaching far in advance of his own day, if not of ours. He belonged to a band of educational reformers, including, among others, Mulcaster, Drury, Coote, and Farnaby, who, against the dominant influence of usage and tradition, strove to give more directness, vitality, and power to the school-teaching of their day. Their zeal, as represented by Brinsley, was thoroughly patriotic, if not imperial in its scope and aim. In dedicating his translation of Ovid to Lord Denny, he says that he intended it

chiefly for the poore ignorant Countries of Ireland and Wales, of the good whereof we ought to be carefull as well as of our oun: unto which I have principally bent my thoughts in all my grammatical translations of our inferior classical Schoole-authors. For that as in all such places [English schools before referred to] so especially in those barbarous countries, the hope of the Church of God is to come primarily out of the Grammar Schooles, by reducing them first into civility through the means of schooles of good learning planted among them in every quarter; whereby their savage and wilde conditions may be changed into true learning, according to the right judgement of our poet, which the experiance of all ages hath confirmed.

Though it may be doubted whether the benefit of Brinsley's labors extended so far, the very excellent school-books he produced were fully appreciated, and did good service in England. These, in common with his more general work on teaching, have long since fallen out of knowledge.\* How completely Brinsley is forgotten, indeed, is shown by the fact that in such standard works as Watt's "*Bibliotheca*" and Allibone's "*Critical Dictionary of English Literature*" the father is confounded with the son, a learned Presbyterian divine who, after having attained distinction in the Church, was ejected from it by the Act of Uni-

\* Mr. Furnivall gives some extracts from Brinsley in his introduction to "*The Babees Book*," published by the Early English Text Society in 1868.

formity in 1662. Both Watt and Allibone say that John Brinsley was born in 1600, and published his "Ludus Literarius" in 1612. One might have supposed that the mere juxtaposition of the dates would have excited suspicion and led to inquiry; but in many cases the perpetuation of a tolerably obvious error seems much easier than its correction.\* As a matter of fact, about the date of his alleged birth (1601) Brinsley was appointed master of the grammar school of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, where he remained teaching with eminent success for sixteen years. Before his appointment, he had married a sister of the well-known Dr. Joseph Hall, afterwards bishop successively of Exeter and Norwich. Hall was a native of Ashby, his father being local factor for the Earl of Huntingdon, whose chief seat was in the neighborhood. As Brinsley had married before his appointment to the head-mastership, it seems probable that he had some previous connection with the school, possibly while it was under the management of Hall himself, who seems to have acted as master for a year or two in the last decade of the century. However this may be, the future bishop took an active interest in his brother-in-law's affairs. He writes a commendatory preface to his "Ludus Literarius," in which he says that the new methods of teaching recommended in the work are not "meere speculation, whose promises are commonly as large as the performance defective; but such as to the knowledge of my selfe and manie abler judges, have been, and are daily answered in his experience, and practice with more than usual successe." Hall also sent his nephew, young Brinsley, to Cambridge; and at the end of his college course took him abroad as private secretary, when in 1618 he attended the Synod of Dort on behalf of the English Church. The elder Brinsley appears to have been fortunate in gaining the friendship of several gentlemen of local eminence, including Sir George Hastings, brother of the Earl of Huntingdon, to whom his translation of Virgil's "Eclogues" is dedicated, and Lord Denny, to whom in the same way he dedicated his version of Ovid.

\* This confusion extends to Wood, if indeed it did not originate with him. In the *Athenae Oxonienses* Wood speaks of "that noted grammarian John Brinsley, sometime a schoolmaster, and minister in Great Yarmouth in Norfolk an. 1616." It need scarcely be said however that it was the son and not the father who was minister at Great Yarmouth. The mistake remains uncorrected in Bliss's critical edition of Wood. Indeed the editor adds to the confusion by attributing some of the son's theological writings to the father.

From the dates given above it will be seen that Brinsley was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and that his most active years as head-master run parallel with the most important and productive period of Shakespeare's dramatic career. His account, therefore, of the grammar-school teaching of the time is of the nature of contemporary evidence. The second volume, whose contents bear on the inquiry, is of somewhat later date, although, as we shall presently see, it supplies indirectly valuable evidence as to the state of school-teaching in Shakespeare's day. This work is "A New Discovery of the old Art of Teaching Schoole: in four small Treatises; concerning, A Petty School, The Usher's Duty, The Master's Method, and Scholasticke Discipline: Shewing how Children in their playing years may Grammatically attain to a firm groundedness in an exercise of the Latine and Greek Tongues." The author, Charles Hoole, was a successful and celebrated schoolmaster in the first half of the seventeenth century. He was born at Wakefield in 1610, and educated in the grammar school of his native town. Like Brinsley, Hoole was connected with an eminent churchman and divine who subsequently rose to the episcopal bench—Dr. Robert Sanderson, the well-known casuist and logician. The bishop's guiding and helping hand was of great service to Hoole at the outset of life as well as in his subsequent career. We are told that, "by the advice of his kinsman, Dr. Robert Sanderson, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, he was sent to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he became proficient in languages and philosophy." The bishop was a native of Rotherham, educated in the grammar school of the town; and it seems to have been through his influence that young Hoole, soon after leaving Oxford, was appointed head-master of the school. Here he commenced his reforms, and drew up his first sketch of the "Improved Scheme of Teaching." The grammar school of Rotherham is of special interest from its close resemblance in history and general features to the grammar school of Stratford-upon-Avon. Both were pre-Reformation schools, founded and endowed about the same time by churchmen who were natives of the respective towns, and whose local patriotism and zeal for learning looked beyond the mere ecclesiastical horizon. Both schools were, however, connected with ecclesiastical foundations, that of Rother-

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ham with the Collegiate Charge in the town, and that of Stratford with the Guild of the Holy Cross. In each case this ecclesiastical connection was the cause of their temporary ruin, the schools having fallen at the Reformation with the religious houses to which they were attached. The case of Rotherham was peculiarly hard, as it seems to have been suppressed by sheer violence, without even the usual pretexts of royal mandate or legal authority of some kind. Its hard fate, and indeed, all distinct knowledge of the pre-Reformation school have apparently fallen into oblivion. At least Carlisle, the highest authority on the history of our grammar schools, seems to know nothing of the earlier foundation, and gives the date of its restoration in the second half of the sixteenth century as that of the establishment of the school. It may be worth while, therefore, to extract Hoole's pathetic lament over its violent suppression, as the facts ought certainly to find a place in any new edition of Carlisle's valuable work. In a chapter devoted to the establishment and multiplication of good grammar schools, Hoole refers to the matter as follows :—

I might here bewaile the unhappy divertement of Jesus Colledge in Rotherham, in which Town, one Thomas Scot, alias Rotherham, (a poor boy in Ecclesfield Parish), having had his education, and being advanced to the Archbishopric of York, in the time of Edward the fourth, did out of love to his country and gratitude to the Towne, erect a Colledge as a Schoole for a Provost who was to be a Divine, and to preach at Ecclesfield, Laxton, and other places where the Colledge demeans lay, and three Fellows, whereof one was to teach Grammar, another Musick, and the third Writing, besides a number of Scholars, for some of whom he also provided Fellowships in Lincolne Colledge in Oxford. But in the time of Henry the eighth, the Earl of Shrewsbury (who, as I have heard, was the first Lord that gave his vote for demolishing of Abbeys), having obtained Roughford Abbey in Nottinghamshire, to the Prior whereof the Lordship of the Town of Rotherham belonged, took advantage also to sweep away the revenues of Rotherham Colledge (which, according to a rental that I have seen, amounted to about £2,000 per annum). And after a while, having engravitated himself with some Townsmen and Gentlemen there about by erecting a Cock-pit, he removed the Schoole out of the Colledge into a sorry house before the gate, leaving it destitute of any allowance, till Mr. West (that writ the Presidents) in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and when Mr. Snell was Schoolmaster, obtained a yearly salary of ten pounds per annum, which is since paid out of the Exchequer by the auditor of accounts. I remember how often and earnestly Mr. Fran-

cis West, who had been Clerk to his Uncle, would declaim against the injury done to that Schoole, which indeed (as he said) ought still to have been kept in the Colledge, and how, when I was a Schoole-master there, he gave me a copy of the Foundation, and showed me some rentals of Lands, and told me where many Deeds and Evidences belonging thereto were then concealed, and other remarkable passages, which he was loth to have buried in silence.

The main points in this account are confirmed by Camden, who, in his brief reference to the town, says :—

From thence [Sheffield] Don, clad with alders, and other trees, goeth to Rotherham, which glorieth in Thomas Rotheram sometime Archbishop of Yorke, a wise man, bearing the name of the towne, beeing borne therein, and a singular benefactor thereunto, who founded and endowed there a Colledge with three schooles in it to teach children Writing, Grammar, and Musick, which the greedy iniquity of these our times hath already swallowed.\*

It is perhaps hardly yet too late for those who are locally interested in the school to inquire into the early and persistent misappropriation of its property and funds.

The grammar school at Stratford was suppressed in the usual way by royal mandate, but after being in abeyance for a few years it was restored by Edward VI., in the last year of his reign (1553). That of Rotherham was restored some years later, mainly it would seem through local effort. They were restored, of course, as Protestant foundations, and in their constitution and management followed the lines laid down for the numerous grammar schools established in the second half of the great Reformation century. What these lines were, so far as the course of instruction is concerned, we know perfectly in the case of Rotherham, as Hoole gives in detail the forms into which the school was divided, and the books that were used in each up to the time when he became head-master. And the schools of Rotherham and Stratford being alike in their general character, we may conclude with tolerable certainty that what was true of the one, in this respect, would also be true of the other. Hoole's "New Discovery," it is true, was not published till 1659, but, as the title-page states, it was written twenty-three years earlier, and had been in private use, and become tolerably well known before

\* Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, appears, it will be remembered, in "Richard III.", and in the crisis of their fate attempts to shelter the unhappy queen and princes from the coming storm.

it was given to the public through the press. It abounds, too, with references to the course of instruction in the Wakefield grammar school when the author was a pupil there, under a master who presided over the school for upwards of fifty years. Hoole gives, at the beginning of the work, a list of the books generally used in the grammar schools of the country, and towards the end, as I have said, the course of instruction established in Rotherham school before he became head-master. These valuable details carry us back to Shakespeare's time; and as they agree, where comparison is possible, with the statements of Brinsley, as well as with the scraps of information to be derived from the early school charters and ordinances, we may accept them as a guide to the course of instruction at Stratford. Even apart from this, we may be sure that whatever was generally true of country grammar schools in the early decades of the seventeenth century would be true of them in the later decades of the sixteenth. Public schools, as a rule, are about the most conservative of human institutions — so much so that, except at distant and revolutionary intervals, the introduction even of a new class-book is a work of extreme difficulty. The public school commissioners who sat in 1862 found that the lines of instruction laid down in the sixteenth century remained practically unchanged till within the memory of the present generation. The only considerable change that took place between Shakespeare's school-days and those of Hoole was in the more general teaching of Greek, as a regular branch of school instruction. Leaving, however, his "less Greek," I shall confine myself to the "little Latin" which, according to his friend and fellow-dramatist, Shakespeare possessed. And on this head we may confidently assume that the course of instruction established at Ashby, at Wakefield, and at Rotherham, would also be found established at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Brinsley and Hoole were educational reformers carrying on the work already begun by Ascham and Mulcaster. They write on the subject as Englishmen and Protestants, animated by the largest motives of patriotism and piety. They both urge that the diffusion of education, the multiplication of good schools, and the adoption of better methods of teaching, are essential alike to the welfare of the Church and commonwealth. The Reformation had, indeed, introduced elements

of religious zeal and ecclesiastical rivalry into the educational schemes of most European countries, the results of which were very marked in the second half of the sixteenth century. The organization of Protestant instruction by Melanchthon and Sturm roused in turn the activity of the Jesuits, and under their admirable management secondary education made enormous strides in most Catholic countries. Liberal and patriotic thinkers, it is true, felt the inherent defects of the Jesuit movement in relation to the higher ends of education. While their practical aims were far-sighted, the moral and intellectual horizon of these ecclesiastical experts was, it must be admitted, fatally narrowed by party and sectional barriers. And notwithstanding their rare professional aptitude and administrative skill, the hide-bound views and dogmatic aims of the Jesuits soon converted their system of secondary instruction into a hindrance rather than a help of real educational progress. But at the outset their thorough study of the subject led to the discovery and adoption of methods of teaching so skilful and efficient as to revolutionize the schools under their control and make them a dominant educational power in Catholic Europe. Brinsley shows a keen consciousness of this, and his Protestant zeal finds expression in the dedication of his work to the princes of the royal house. "Why," he asks, "should wee the liege subjects of Jesus Christ, and of his renowned kingdome be overgone herein, by the servants of Anti-Christ, many of whom bend all their wites and joine their studies, for the greatest advantage of their learning, even in the grammar schooles, only to the advancement of Babylon, with the overthrow of this glorious nation, and of all parts of the Church of Christ?" Hall, in his commendatory preface, expresses the same feeling: "The Jesuits have won much of their reputation, and stollen many hearts with their diligence in this kinde. How happy shall it be for the Church and us if we excite ourselves at least to imitate this their forwardness? We may outstrip them if wee want not to our selves. Behold here, not feete but wings offered to us." Hoole again reflects the later impulse given to Protestant education by the labors of Comenius. He is thus more decidedly a realist in education than Brinsley, who, influenced mainly by Sturm and Ascham, sympathizes with the general views and aims of the humanists.

As reformers, however, both Brinsley

and Hoole insist on substantially the same changes in the existing methods of instruction. It would be out of place to give these in any detail, and I shall notice them only as they throw light on the traditional methods of teaching, in the disadvantages of which Shakespeare, no doubt, fully shared. The great majority of the improvements suggested may be summed up in the comprehensive maxim: "Follow nature." "It is," says Hoole —

Tully's observation of old, and Erasmus his assertion of later years, that it is as natural for a childe to learn as it is for a beast to go, a bird to fly, or a fish to swim, and I verily believe it, for the nature of man is restlessly desirous to know things, and were discouragements taken out of the way, and meet helps afforded young learners, they would doubtless go on with a great deal more cherefulness, and make more proficiency at their books than usually they do. And could the Master have the discretion to make their lessons familiar to them, children would as much delight in being busied about them, as in any other sport, if too long continuance at them might not make them tedious.

But in order to give free play to this natural love of learning, the teacher must excite the interest and develop the intelligence of the pupil. The interest of young minds is roused by appealing to their senses and imagination. In learning a language the true plan, therefore, is to begin with what is best known and most obvious, the names of common objects, familiar words and phrases, and the simplest grammatical elements in the mother-tongue. The knowledge of things must always go hand-in-hand with the knowledge of words, and in enforcing this Brinsley quotes of the acquisition of knowledge the philosophical aphorism so often employed in discussing its origin, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerat in sensu.*" Hoole quotes the same maxim on the title-page of his translation of Comenius' "*Orbis Pictus.*" and devotes the preface to a detailed exposition of its meaning and application. Without interpreting the use of this maxim too absolutely, its adoption by each reformer sufficiently indicates that the main principle of the new methods recommended is that of proceeding from the concrete and particular to the abstract and general. What is taught in this way, that of advancing by easy steps from the known to the unknown, is easily learned. In opposition to this, Brinsley and Hoole complain of the time usually wasted in the senseless grinding of mere grammatical

husks. They maintain that nothing can be more unnatural or repellent than the traditional plan of forcing a child to learn by heart a crude mass of abstractions and technicalities it cannot comprehend, and compelling it to repeat in a dull, mechanical routine, definitions and rules of which it understands neither the meaning nor the application. In efficient teaching the intelligence of the learner must be excited and carried forward at every stage, by simplifying technicalities, explaining definitions, giving the reason of the rules, and illustrating their meaning and range by apt and copious examples.

Imitation is another natural principle which ought to be largely employed in the work of instruction. A boy should learn a new language as he learns his mother-tongue, by hearing it spoken and picking it up from colloquial use. Hence the value of using in the lower forms of a school familiar dialogues, vocabularies and phrase-books. The dialogues and phrases when thoroughly mastered should be committed to memory; and repeated in various forms and new combinations. For the same reason, the saving of time and needless labor, translations should specially at first be employed. On this point both Brinsley and Hoole strongly support Ascham, and the great majority of the numerous school-books they each produced are intended to popularize his plan and facilitate its adoption. Nearly all of these books are versions with explanatory notes of the authors usually read in the lower forms of the existing schools. In school discipline, again, the reformers rely on the natural principle of emulation and the love of praise, instead of on the old methods of terror and force. Sympathy and encouragement are to take the place of stripes and penalties. In cases of hesitation and mistake, the teacher should patiently try to understand and remove the pupil's difficulty, instead of resorting to the rougher and readier plan of a word and a blow. On this point I may give an extract from Brinsley that helps to explain the title of his work: —

A sixth general observation, and of no less worth than any of the former, is this — That there be most needful care chiefly amongst all the youngest, that no one of them be any way discouraged, either by bitternesse of speech, or by taunting disgrace: or else by seuerity of correction, to cause them to hate the Schoole before they knowe it: or to distast good learning before they have felt the sweetnesse of it: but instead heireof, that all things in Schooles be done by emulation, and honest contention,

through a wise commanding in them every thing which any way deserweth praise and by giving preminence in place, or such like rewards. For that adage is not so ancient as true : *Laus excitat ingenium*. There is no such a Whet-stone, to set an edge upon a good wit, or to encourage an ingenious nature to learning as praise is, as our learned Master Askam doth most rightly affirme. . . . " Besides this also, this same strife for these Masteries, and for rewards of learning, is the most commendable play, and the very highway to make the Schoole-house to bee *Ludus literarius*, indeed, a Schoole of play and pleasure (as was said), and not of feare and bondage; although there must bee alwaies a meeete and loving feare, furthered by a wise severitie, to maintaine authority, and to make it also *Ludus a non ludendo*, a place voyd of al fruitless play and loytering, the better to be able to effect al this good which we desire."

This extract points to the main object of both reformers. All their suggested improvements refer to methods of teaching and the details of school management, rather than to the course of instruction. They do not urge the introduction of new books, but simply a more efficient and intelligent use of those already established in the grammar-school curriculum. They show in detail how in the earlier classes a knowledge of grammatical elements, of the accidence and rules of construing, may be thoroughly acquired in half the time usually spent upon them; how, as the pupil advances, the process of construing may, with proper helps and exercises, be enormously facilitated; and how, in the higher forms, the reading of standard authors and the writing of Latin prose and verse may be made not only a comparatively easy, but an attractive and invigorating discipline.

In order to give full effect to the improved methods, they both recommend a rearrangement of the classes, which in many existing schools seem to have been rather loose and straggling. Instead of a number of thin and irregularly-sized classes, they urge the careful distribution of the pupils into compact and co-ordinate forms, and they show how a well-arranged system of classes and class-work will help to concentrate, economize, and turn to the best account the teaching power of the school. Hoole goes into minute details as to the number of forms, and the work done in each. Brinsley often speaks of the lower and upper schools, and the authors read in them; and when the school was divided into six forms, each of these sections would contain three. Sometimes he speaks of the

lower, the middle, and the upper school, and these sections would contain two or three classes each, according as the school was divided into six or nine forms. But whatever the number of forms, there is no difference whatever in the books used, and the authors read, at each stage of the pupil's progress. On this point both reformers are highly conservative. They even maintain that a book so unfitted in many ways for elementary use as "Lily's Grammar," must still be retained and taught in its integrity. This feature makes their list of school-books and authors not only instructive, but directly available, in the way of evidence, for the purpose in hand. They describe an established curriculum in which, as I have said, there would be hardly any change of importance since the days of Shakespeare's youth.

Brinsley gives a less detailed and coordinate enumeration of school-books; but his list is valuable, not only from its earlier date, but as an introduction to the fuller account supplied by Hoole. The difference between them arises from the fact, that Brinsley nowhere attempts a full or formal enumeration of the books in use, but simply refers to them incidentally in connection with his own labors, and the improved methods of teaching he expounds and enforces. Hoole, on the other hand, gives, as I have said, two lists: one of the books used in the classes of Rotherham grammar school early in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the other of the works used in the different grammar schools throughout the country. In the lower school the first class was of course engaged for a time in mastering the accidence and the rules of "Lily's Grammar," and the bitterest complaints are made of the time usually wasted in the process. When the pupils had acquired some command over the grammatical elements, and advanced towards construing, Brinsley gives the following, as the list of authors read in the lower school: "Pueriles Confabulaculae, Sententiae Pueriles, Cato, Cordinerius' Dialogues, Esop's Fables, Tully's Epistles gathered by Sturmius, Tully's Offices, with the books adjoined to them, the De Amicitia, De Senectute, and the Paradoxes, Ovid, De Tristibus, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Virgil." He also mentions, as helps at this stage, Drax's "Manual of Phrases," the "Flores Petrarum," and Cicero's "De Natura Deorum." In the upper school, while Ovid and Virgil are still read, he mentions

among the more difficult authors taken up, Plautus, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal. In reading these he recommends all the helps which can be had, and enumerates the critical texts and commentaries that are likely to prove of the greatest service. In the higher forms, however, the boys are largely occupied in writing Latin epistles, Latin themes and verses, and in the rhetorical as well as the grammatical study of the Latin poets and prose writers. Hoole's first list is of books and authors commonly used in the grammar schools of the country. But, side by side with this, he gives another list, headed "Subsidiary Books," those which may be valuable for use and reference at each stage of the progress. Of this double list he speaks as follows :—

The Authors which I prescribe to be used are partly classical, which every scholar should provide for himself, and because *these are constantly learnt in most Grammar Schools* I appoint them to be read at such times as are usually spent in Lessons. The Subsidiary Books are those which are helpful to children in performing their tasks with more ease and benefit; and, because all the scholars will not have like need of them, and they are more than any one will desire to buy, these should be laid up in the Schoole Library, for every Form to make use on as they shall have occasion.

To save space I shall give only the list of books and authors commonly read in the grammar schools. The first form is occupied with the accidente and the "Sententiae Pueriles"; the books in use in the second form were "Lily's Grammar," Cato's "Maxims," "Pueriles Confabulatunculae," and the Colloquies of Corderius; in the third form, in addition to the grammar and Latin Testament, Aesop's Fables, the Dialogues of Castellio, the Eclogues of Mantuanus, and the Colloquies of Helvicius; in the fourth form, in addition to the Testament and grammar, the "Elements of Rhetoric," Terence, the "Selected Epistles of Cicero," Ovid's "De Tristibus" and "Metamorphoses," and Buchanan's Psalms; in the fifth form, in addition to the "Elements of Rhetoric," Livy's Orations, Justin, Caesar, Florus, the Colloquies of Erasmus, and Virgil; in the sixth form, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Lucan, Plautus, Martial, Cicero's Orations, and Seneca's Tragedies. The list of authors in the sixth form is rather a long one, but it would seem that while Horace, Juvenal, and Persius were thoroughly read, the others were only read in selected portions. On this point Hoole says, in his

own detailed account of the work in this form, "As for Lucan, Seneca's Tragedies, Martial, and the rest of the finest Latin poets, you may do well to give them a taste of each, and show them how and wherein they may imitate them, and borrow something out of them. Mr. Farnbie's notes upon them will be helpful; and Pareus or Taubman upon Plautus will make that some merry comedies of his may be easily read over."

To complete the evidence supplied by Hoole, I will give in his own words his account of the books and authors used in the Rotherham grammar school before he became head-master. This second list is indeed of far higher interest and value for the purpose of this paper than the first, as it gives a vivid picture of the work actually done in the various forms of a country grammar school while Shakespeare was still alive. As will be seen, Hoole gives these details mainly for the purpose of showing that he had proposed no change in the course of instruction, but simply in the methods of teaching and school management :—

That none may censure this Discovery which I have made to be an uncouth way of Teaching, or contrary to what had been aforetime observed by my Predecessors at Rotherham School (which is the same that most Schoole-Masters yet use), I have hereto annexed their method, just as I received it from the mouth of some Scholars who had been trained up therin all their time at that Schoole and thence sent to the University; before I came hither to be master.

The custom was to enter boyes to the Schoole one by one, as they were fit for the Accidents and to let them proceed therein severally, till so many others came to them, as were fit to be ranked with them in a form. These were first put to read the Accidents, and afterwards made to commit it to memory; which when they had done, they were exercised in construing and parsing the examples in the English Rules, and this was called the first form: of which it was required to say four Lessons a day: but of the other forms, a part and a Lesson in the forenoons, and a lesson only in the after.

The second form was to repeat the Accidents for Parts; to say fore-noons Lessons in Propria quae maribus, Quae genus, and As in praesenti, which they repeated memoriter, construed and parsed; to say an after-noon's lesson in Sententiae Pueriles, which they repeated by hart, and construed and parsed; they repeated their tasks every Friday memoriter, and parsed their Sentences out of the English.

The third form was enjoyed first to repeat two parts together every morning, one out of the Accidents and the other out of that fore-mentioned part of the Grammar, and together

with their parts, each one was made to form one person of a verb Active in any of the four Conjugations : their fore-noons Lessons were in Syntaxis, which they used to say memoriter, then to construe it, and parse only the words which contain the force of the Rule ; their fore-noons lessons were two dayes in Aesop's Fables, and other two dayes in Cato ; both which they construed and parsed, and said Cato memoriter ; these Lessons they translated into English, and repeated all on Fridayes, constring out of the Translations into Latine.

The fourth form having ended Syntaxis, first repeated it, and *Propria quae maribus, etc.*, together for parts, and formed a person of a verb Passive, as they did the Active before ; for Lessons they proceeded to the by-rules, and so to Figura and Prosodia ; for after-noon lessons they read Terence two dayes, and Mantuanus two days, which they translated into English, and repeated on Fridayes, as before.

The fifth form said one part in the Latine, and another in the Greek Grammar together ; their fore-noons Lessons was in Butler's Rhetorick, which they said memoriter, and then construed, and applied the example to the definition ; their after-noons Lessons were two days in Ovid's Metamorphosis, and two days Tullie's Offices, both which they translated into English ; they learned to scan and prove verses in *Flores Poetarum*, and repeated their week's works on Fridayes, as before.

The sixth form continued their parts in the Greek Grammar, and formed a verb Active at every part ; they read the Greek Testament for fore-noons Lessons, beginning with Saint John's Gospel ; their after-noons Lessons were two dayes in Virgil, and two days in Tullie's Orations. They construed the Greek Testament into Latine, and the rest into English.

The seventh form went on with the Greek Grammar, forming at every part a verb Passive or Medium ; they had their fore-noons Lessons in Isocrates, which they translated into Latine ; their after-noon lessons were two days in Horace, and two days in Seneca's Tragedies ; both which they translated into English.

In the eighth form Hesiod was read in the morning, while Juvenal and Persius were construed in the after-noon.

[The ninth form was wholly occupied with Greek books.]

The evidence of these lists, given by eminent head-masters writing somewhat later than Shakespeare's school-days, may be compared with the fragments of contemporary evidence contained in the earlier school charters and ordinances. The result would, I venture to think, be a strong confirmation of their substantial validity for the purpose in hand. As an illustration, I give below \* from the early

school statutes one that contains perhaps the most detailed list of books and authors to be found in Carlisle's collection — that of the Free Grammar School of St. Bees in Cumberland, drawn up in 1583. This list, having been prepared on authority within five or six years after Shakespeare left school, may be accepted as representing fairly enough the books and authors usually read in the country grammar schools. It will be seen that in this list the modern Latin poets used in the schools are enumerated separately, Mantuanus coming first. The second name is printed by Carlisle as Pallurgenius, but this is evidently a mistake for Palingenius, whose "Zodiac of Life" was a very popular book in the sixteenth century. For the rest, the authors enumerated both in prose and verse correspond substantially with the lists already given.

From these various sources, contemporary and quasi-contemporary, we may form a trustworthy general estimate of Shakespeare's course of instruction during his school-days. At that time, as we have seen, boys usually went to the grammar school about six or at latest seven years of age, and entered at once upon the accident. In his first year, therefore, Shakespeare would be occupied with the accident and grammar. In his second year, with the elements of grammar, he would read some manual of short phrases and familiar dialogues, and these committed to memory would be colloquially employed in the work of the school ; in his third year, if not before, he would take up Cato's Maxims and Aesop's Fables ; in his fourth, while continuing the Fables, he would read the Eclogues of Mantuanus, parts of Ovid, some of Cicero's Epistles,

wise appointed hereafter, by those that have authority : —

The A B C in English.  
The Catechism in English, set forth by public authority.  
The Psalter and Book of Common Prayer  
The New Testament } in English.  
The Queen's Grammar, with the Accident.  
The Small Catechism in Latin, publicly authorized.  
Confabulationes Pueriles.

Prose	Aesoppi Fableae.	Epistolae Minores Selectae.
	M. T. Ciceronis	Officiorum.
		De Amicitia.
		De Senectute.

Tusculanarum Questionum.  
Orationes, or any other of his works.

Verse	Salustius.	B. Mantuanus.
	Justinus.	Palingenius.
	Commentarii Caesaris.	Buchanan Scripta.
	Q. Curtius.	Sedulus.

Disticha Catonia.	B. Mantuanus.
Terentius.	Palingenius.
Virgilius.	Buchanan Scripta.
Horatius.	Sedulus.
Ovidii Metamorphoses.	Prudentius.
Ovid: De Tristibus.	

\* "These books," says the Statute, "shall only be read in the said School, except it shall be other-

and probably one of his shorter treatises; in his fifth year he would continue the reading of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," with parts of Virgil and Terence; and in the sixth Horace, Plautus, and probably part of Juvenal and Persius, with some of Cicero's Orations and Seneca's Tragedies. In going through such a course, unless the teaching at Stratford was exceptionally inefficient, the boy must have made some progress in several of these authors, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to read fairly well at sight the more popular poets and prose writers such as Ovid and Cicero. The masters of the school during the time Shakespeare attended it would seem, however, to have been at least of average attainments and ability, as they rapidly gained promotion. No fewer than three held the post during the decade from 1570 to 1580. In the first two years Walter Roche, for the next five, the most important in Shakespeare's school history, Thomas Hunt, and during the last three years Thomas Jenkins were head-masters in the school.

About the time that Shakespeare's parents would be thinking of sending their eldest boy to school there seems, moreover, to have been a good deal of local activity in relation to the building, the old schoolhouse having been put into thorough repair, and changes made in the internal arrangement for the purpose of rendering it more airy and healthful. In the chamberlain's accounts for the year 1568 mention is made of sums expended for "repairing the scole," "dressing and sweeping the scole-house," "ground-sel-lyng the old scole, and taking down the solar over the school," expressions which warrant the conclusion that there was not only a schoolhouse existing in the early years of our poet, but that it had even then considerable pretensions to antiquity. We may reasonably infer that as it had been put into repair in the year 1568, it continued in a state available for use until it was repaired again about the year 1594 or 1595,\* when the chapel of the guild was temporarily used, as it probably had been more than once before, instead of the schoolhouse. The "solar" referred to in this extract was a small story, in many cases a loft or garret, and taking away the solar over the schoolhouse would, I suppose, indicate that it was heightened and possibly newly roofed as well as partially refloored. Shakespeare's

father had been chosen town bailiff during the year in which these improvements were made, and it would be part of his official duty to inspect them during their progress and see that the work was well done. As a prosperous burgess and magistrate, he would be proud of the resuscitated foundation connected with the Ancient Guild of the Holy Cross, and now known as the "King's New School," and would naturally regard with special interest the renovated building where his son was soon to feel the magical touch of that lettered awakening which in a thousand diversified forms was everywhere quickening the latent seeds of genius into fruitful life. The new school in the old schoolhouse was, indeed, at once the symbol and meeting-place not only of the two civilizations, the classical and the Christian, which have determined the character of modern Europe, but of the two main currents of the latter, the Catholic and the Protestant, which are found united in the most brilliant and productive period of English literature. Associations connected with these great streams of influence were concentrated in the chapel and schoolhouse of the Guild, and reflected from the most familiar objects and occupations of both, from the ancient doorway through which the boy passed out of the sunlight into the shadows and subdued hum of the school, from the rude oak forms and desks at which he sat, from the pater-noster he pattered, and the catechism which by royal authority he was obliged to learn, from the well-thumbed books of his weather-stained satchel over which he pored, from the milder or more severe exhortations and "lectures" of Thomas Hunt "artsman" and head-master, and, perhaps most vividly of all, from the fine series of paintings on the chapel walls, depicting with archaic faith and power the "Invention" of the Holy Cross, some of them already half-defaced by the pious vandalism of unsparing religious zeal. The whole round of school influences and associations — from the simple piety of the criss-cross row, and the elementary difficulties of the primer to the harsh constructions of Persius and the pagan horrors of Seneca's "Medea" and "Thyestes" — must have melted as years went by, almost unconsciously perhaps, into the capacious and retentive mind of the marvellous boy, and helped with the life of nature in the fields and woods, and the civic stir and social movements of the town, to prepare and qualify him for his future work.

THOS. S. BAYNES.

\* Stratford-upon-Avon Grammar School by King Edward VI. Report of the Proceedings at the Tercentenary Meeting, June 30, 1853, pp. 39-40.

## HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

(continued.)

SPEARS stood up and looked round him, his powerful square shoulders and rugged face dominating the assembly. He took a kind of text for his address, "not from the Bible," he said, "which many of you think out of date," at which there was a murmur, chiefly of assent, "mind you," said the orator, "I don't, that's a subject on which I'm free to keep my private opinion, but the other book you'll allow is never out of date. It's from the sayings of a man that woke up out of the easy thoughts of a lad, the taking everything for granted as we all do one time or another, to find that he could take nothing for granted, that all about was false, horrible, mean, and *sham*. That was the worst of it all — sham. He found the mother that bore him was a false woman, and the girl he loved hid his enemy behind the doors to listen to what he was saying, and his friends, the fellows he had played with went off with him on a false errand with letters to get him killed. 'There's something rotten,' says he, 'in this State of Denmark' — that was all the poor fellow could get out at first, 'something rotten' — ay, ay, Prince Hamlet, a deal that was rotten. We're not fond of princes, my friends," said Spears, stopping short with a gleam of humor in his face, "but Shakespeare lived a good few years ago, and hadn't found that out. We've made a great many discoveries since his day."

At this the feet applauded again, but there was a little doubtfulness upon the faces of the audience who did not see what the speaker meant to be at.

"There's something rotten in the State of Denmark," that's what he said. He didn't mean Denmark any more than I mean Clerkenwell. He meant this life he was living in, where the scum floated to the top, and nothing was what it seemed. That was Hamlet's quarrel with the world, and it's my quarrel, and yours, and every thinking man's. It was a grand idea, my friends, to make a government, to have a king. Yes, wait a bit till I've finished my sentence. I tell you it was a noble idea," said the orator, raising his voice, and cowing into silence half a dozen violent contradictions, "to get hold of the best man and set him up there to help them that couldn't help themselves, to make

the strong merciful and the weak brave. That was an idea! I honor the man that invented it whoever he was, but I'd lay you all a fortune if I had it, I'd wager all I'm worth (which isn't much) that whoever the first king was, that was made after he had found out the notion, it wasn't his —"

"And it was a failure, my lads," said Spears.

At this there was a tumult of applause. "I don't see anything to stamp about for my part," he said, shaking his head. "That gives me no pleasure. It was a grand idea, but as sure as life they took the wrong man, and it was a failure. And it has always been a failure and always will be — so now there's nothing for it but to abolish the kings —"

The rest of the sentence was lost in wild applause.

"But the worst is," continued the speaker, "that we've done that practically for a long time in England, and we're none the better. Instead of one bad king we've got Parliament, which is a heap of bad kings. Men that care no more for the people than I care for that fly. Men that will grind you, and tax you, and make merchandise of you, and neglect your interest, and tread you down to the ground. Many is the cheat they've passed upon you. At this moment you cheer me when I say down with the kings, but you look at one another and you raise your eyebrows when I say down with the Parliament. You've got the suffrage, and you think that's all right. The suffrage! what does the suffrage do for you? It's another sham, a little stronger than all the rest. They'll give more of you, and more of you the suffrage, till they let in the women (I don't say a word against that. Some of the women have more sense than you have, and the rest you can always whop them) and the babies next for anything I can tell. And it will all be rotten, rotten, rotten to the core. And then a great cry will rise out of this poor country, and it will be Hamlet again," cried the orator, pouring out the full force of his great melodious voice from his broad chest — "Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

There was a feeble stamp or two upon the floor; but the audience, though curious and impressed, were not up to the level of the speaker, and did not know what to make of him. He saw this, and he changed his tone.

"I read the other day of the kind of parliament that was a real parliament of

the people. Once every two months the whole population met in a great square; and there they were asked to choose the men that were to govern them. They voted all by word of mouth—no ballot tickets in those days—for there was not one of them that was afraid to give his opinion. They chose their men for two months, no more. They were men that were known to all the place, that had been known from their cradles; no strangers there, but men they could lay their hands on if they did wrong. It was for two months only, as I tell you, and then the parliament came together again, and the men they had chosen gave an account of what they had done. In my opinion—I don't know what you may think—that was as perfect a plan of government, and as true a rule of the people as ever existed on this globe. Who is that grumbling behind there? If it is you, Paul Markham, stand up like a man and say what you've got to say."

There was a pause for a moment, and everybody looked round; but as no reply was made, the hearers drowned all attempts at opposition in a tumult of stamping feet and approving exclamations.

"That was something like," they said. And "Go on. Go on. Bravo, Spears!"

"Ah, yes. You say 'Bravo, Spears!' because I humor you. But that young fellow there at the back, I know what he meant to say. It was all rotten, rotten, rotten to the core; that people's parliament was the greatest humbug that ever was seen; it was the instrument of tyrants; it was the murderer of freedom; there was nothing too silly, nothing too wicked for it; its vote was a sham, and its wisdom was a sham. Ah! you don't cry 'Bravo, Spears!' any more. The reason of all this is that we never get hold of the right men. I don't know what there is in human nature that makes it so. I have studied it a deal, but I've never found that out. The scum gets uppermost, boils up and sticks on the top. That's my experience. The less honest a man is, the more sure he is to get up to the top. I don't speak of being born equal like some folks; but I think any man has a right to his share of the place he's born in—a right to have his portion wherever he is. One man with another, our wants are about the same. One eats a little more, one drinks a little more (and we all do more of that than is good for us), than the rest. But what we've got a right to is our share of what's going. Instead of great estates, great parks, grand

palaces where those that call themselves our masters live and starve us, we have a right, every man, to enough of it to live on, to enough —"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the clamor of the cheering. The men rose up and shouted; they drowned his voice in the enthusiasm of their delight. Paul had come in behind after Spears began to speak. Though there had been in him a momentary movement of offence when he saw Fairfax, yet he had ended by remaining close to him, not seated, however, but leaning against the doorway in the sight of all. And it was likewise apparent in the sight of all that he was dressed, not like Fairfax in morning clothes, which offered a less visible contrast with the men surrounding him, but in evening dress, only partially covered by his light overcoat. He had come indeed to this assembly met to denounce all rights of the aristocrat, in the very livery of social superiority. Fairfax, who was anxious about the issue, could not understand what it meant. Paul's eyes were fixed upon Spears, and there was a half-smile and air of something that might be taken for contempt on his face.

The applause went to the orator's head. He plunged into violent illustrations of his theory, by the common instances of riot, impurity, extravagance, debt, and general wickedness which were to be found in what were called the higher classes. Perhaps Spears himself was aware that his arguments would not bear a very close examination: and the face of his disciple there before him, the face which had hitherto glowed with acquiescence, flushed with indignation, answered every appeal he made, but which was now set, pale, and impassive, without any response at all, with indeed an evident determination to withstand him, filled him with a curious passion. He could not understand it, and he could not endure to see Paul standing there; Paul, his son in the faith, his disciple of whom he was unconsciously more proud than of all the other converts he had made, with that air of contradiction and defiance. The applause excited him, and this tacit opposition excited him still more. Fairfax had produced no such effect upon the demagogue; he had been but a half-believer at the best, a critic, more interested than convinced. He was one of those whom other men can permit to look on, from whom they can accept sympathy without concurrence, and tolerate dissent. But with Paul the case was very different.

Every glance at him inflamed the mind of Spears. Was it possible (the idea flashed across his mind in full torrent of his speech) that this beloved disciple was lost to him? He would not believe it, he would not permit it to be; and with this impulse he flung forth his burning accusations, piled up shame and scandal upon the heads of aristocrats, represented them as standing in the way of every good undertaking, of treading down the poor on every side, of riding roughshod everywhere over liberties and charities alike, robbers of their brethren, destroyers of their fellow-creatures. And as every burning period poured forth, the noise, the enthusiasm, became indescribable. The men who listened were no more murderous rebels than English landlords and millionaires are sanguinary oppressors, but they shouted and stamped, and rent their throats with applause, all the more that they were well acquainted with these arguments. Hamlet and "the cursed spite" of his position were of doubtful interest; but here was something which they understood. Thus they went on together, mutually exciting each other—the speaker and the listeners, until suddenly, in the midst of the hubbub, a strange note, a new voice, struck in, and caught them all in full uproar.

"What's that?" cried Spears, with a quick bearing of offended affection. "You behind there—some one spoke."

The men all turned round—the entire assembly—to see what the interruption was. Then they saw, leaning carelessly against the wall, his grey overcoat, open, showing the expanse of fine linen, the silk lapels of the evening coat in which Paul had chosen to array himself; the young aristocrat looking his part to the fullest perfection, with scorn on his face, and proud indifference, careless of them and their opinions. The mere sight of him brought an impulse of fierce hostility.

"I said, that's not so," said Paul, distinctly, throwing his defiance over all their heads at his old instructor. Spears was almost beside himself with pain and passion.

"Do you give me the lie," he said, "to my face—you, Paul? You shall have your title—that's the meaning of it! You, Sir Paul Markham, baronet,—do you give me the lie?"

"If you like to take it so, Spears. You know as well as I do that men are not monsters like that in one rank and heroes in another. Title or no title, that's the truth, and you know it—whatever those

men that take in everything you are saying may think. You know that's not so—"

The excited listeners saw Spears grow pale and wince. Then he shouted out with an excited voice,—

"And that's a lie, whoever said it. I say one thing and mean another! The time has been when a man that said that to me would have rued it. He would have rued it."

"And he shall rue it," said a voice in the crowd. The people turned round with an impulse. Fairfax, when he saw what was coming, had risen too, and threw himself in front of Paul. He was not so tall a man, and Paul's dark hair towered over his light locks. He tried to push him out into the narrow-flagged passage, and called to him to go—to go! But Paul's blood was up; he stood and faced them all, holding his arm before him in defence against the raised fists and threatening looks. "I'm one against a hundred," he said, perfectly calm. "You can do what you please. I will not give in, whatever you do. I tell you what Spears says is not true."

And then the uproar got up again and raged round them. There was a hesitation about striking the first blow. Nobody liked to begin the onslaught upon one single man, or a man with but one supporter. Fairfax got his arm into his, and did his best to push and drag him away into the paved passage. But it was not till Spears himself, breaking through the angry crowd, gave him a thrust with his powerful arm, that he yielded. What might have happened even then, Fairfax did not know; for the passage was narrow, and the two or three people hanging about the door sufficed to make another angry crowd in their way. While, however, he was pushing his way along by the wall, doing all he could to impel before him Paul's reluctant figure, a door suddenly opened behind them, a light flashed out, and some one called to them to come in. Paul stumbled backwards, fortunately, over the step, and was thus got at a disadvantage; and in two minutes more Fairfax had struggled in, bringing his companion with him. The place into which they were admitted was a narrow passage, quite dark—and the contrast from the noise and crowd without to this silence bewildered the young men. Even then, however, the voice of Spears reached them over the murmur of the crowd.

"There's a specimen for you!" cried

the orator, with a harsh laugh. "The scum come uppermost! What did I tell you? That, take what pains you like, you never get the right man. I loved that lad like my son; and all I said was gospel to him. But he has come into his title, he has come into the land he swore he never would take from the people, and there's the end. Would you like a better proof of what I said? Oh, rotten, rotten, rotten to the core!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY were in a small, dingy room, lighted with one feeble candle — still within hearing of the tumult close by. Paul had twisted his foot in the stumble, which was the only thing that had saved him from a scuffle and possible fight. He was paler than before with the pain. He had put his foot up upon a chair at Fairfax's entreaty, who feared a sprain; but himself, in his excitement, did not seem to feel it.

"My title and my lands!" he said, with a laugh which was more bitter than that of Spears. "You heard him, Fairfax. I've come into my property, that is what has caused this change in my opinion."

"Never mind, the man's a fool," said Fairfax, angrily.

"He is not a fool," said Paul, "but it shows how well you can judge a man when you do not know his circumstances."

Fairfax, however, it must be owned, was as much puzzled as Spears. What was it that had caused the change? It was not much more than a month since Paul's devotion to Spears and his scheme had kept him from his father's death-bed. He had been intent then on giving up his whole life to the creed, which this evening he had publicly contradicted in the face of its excited supporters. Fairfax could not make out what it meant any more than the deserted demagogue could. If Paul, indeed, had reached the high top-gallant of his fortunes — if he had held the control of a large property in his hands — a position like that of a prince — there might have been reason in such a change of faith. Though it gave a certain foundation for Spears's bitter sneer, yet there was reason in it. A young man might very well be justified in abandoning the society of revolutionaries, when he himself entered the ranks of those who are responsible for the safety of the country, and have a great deal to lose. But he did not understand Paul's position now, and a change so singular bewildered him. It was not, however, either neces-

sary or expedient to enter into that question; and he addressed himself with more satisfaction to rubbing the injured ankle. He had asked the woman who admitted them, and who was in great terror of "the meeting," to get a cab, but had been answered that she dared not leave the house, and that they must not think of leaving the house till all was over in the "hall." It was not a cheerful prospect. To his surprise, however, Paul showed his impatience less than he did. He was full of the place and the discussion they had just left.

"He is no fool," Paul said, "that is the most wonderful of all. A man may go on telling a pack of lies for years, and yet be as true in himself as all the rest is false. I understand your looks, Fairfax. You think I have gone as far as most men."

"Keep your foot still, my good fellow," was all Fairfax said.

"That is all very well; you want an explanation of my conduct," said Paul. "You want to know what this inconsistency means; for it is inconsistency. Well, then, there's just this, that I don't mean to tell. I am as free as another man to form my own opinions, I hope."

"Hark! they're cheering again," said Fairfax. "What fellows they are to cheer! He has got them into a good humor. They looked savage enough half an hour ago. It's a little absurd, isn't it, that you and I, Paul, who have been considered very advanced in our political opinions, should be in a kind of hiding here?"

"Hiding! I will go back at once and make my profession of faith," cried Paul, but when he sprang up to carry out his intention, the pain in his foot overpowered him. "Have I sprained it, do you think? — that is an affair of four or five weeks," he said, with a look of dismay.

After this very little was said. They sat on each side of the little deal table, with the coarse candle sputtering between them, and listened to the hoarse sounds of the voices, the tumultuous applause on the other side of the wall. This was still going on, though in subdued tones, when the door suddenly opened. It was not easy at first to see who had come in, till Spears's face appeared over the flickering light. It was angry and dark, and overclouded with something like shame.

"I am glad you are here still, you two," he said in subdued tones.

Neither of the young men spoke. At last Fairfax, who was not the one on whom his eyes were bent, said, —

"We were waiting till the meeting was over. Till then, it appears, we can't have a cab sent for. Markham has hurt his foot."

"Good Lord! How did he do that?" Spears came round and looked at it where it lay supported on the chair. He looked as if he would have liked to stroke and pet the injured limb like a child. "I hope it was none of those fellows with their pushing and stupid folly," he said.

"It was not done by any refined expression of politeness, certainly."

These were the first words Paul had said, and they were uttered with the same half-mocking smile.

"They're rough fellows, that's the truth," said Spears, "and they have an idiot for a guide," he went on in a low voice. "Look here, Paul, you aggravated me with those grand looks of yours, and that sneer. You know as well as I do what puts me out. When it's a fellow I care for I can't stand it. All the asses in Rotten Row might come and haw-haw at me and I shouldn't mind, but you! that are a kind of child of my soul, Paul!"

"I hope your other children will get more mercy from you, then," said Paul, without looking at him. "You have not had much for me, Spears."

"I, lad? What have I ever done but cherish you as if you were my own! I have been as proud of you —! All your fine ways that I've jibed about have been a pleasure to me all the time. It went to my heart to think that you, the finest aristocrat of all the lot, were following old Spears for love of a principle. I said to myself, abuse them as we like, there's stuff in these old races; there's something in that blue blood. I don't deny it before you two, that may laugh at me as you please. I that have just been telling all those lads that it's the scum that comes uppermost (and believe it too). I have sworn an eternal war against the principle of unequal rank and accumulation of property."

Spears paused. There was nothing ludicrous to him in the idea of this eternal war, waged by a nameless stump-operator against all the kingdoms of the world and the power of them. He was too much in earnest to be conscious of any absurdity. He was as serious in his crusade as if he had been a conqueror with life and death in his hands, and his voice trembled with the reality of this confession which he was going to make.

"Well," he said, "I, of whom you know all this as well as I do myself, I've been

proud of your birth and your breeding, Paul, because it was all the grander of you to forget them for the cause. I've dwelt over these things in my mind. I've said there's the flower of them, and he's following after me! Look here, you're not going to take it so dreadfully amiss if, after not having a word from you, after not knowing what you were going to do, seeing you suddenly opposite to me, with your most aggravated look (and you can put on an aggravating look when you like, you know you can, and drive me wild," Spears said with a deprecating, tender smile, putting his hand caressingly on the back of Paul's chair) —"if I let out a bitter word, a lash of ill-temper against my will, you are not going to make that a quarrel between you and me."

The man's large, mobile features were working, his eyes shining out under their heavy brows. The generous soul in him was moved to its depth. He had, being "wild," as he said, with sudden passion, accused Paul of having yielded to the seductions of his new rank, but in his heart he did not believe the accusation he had made. He trusted his young disciple with all the doting confidence of a woman. Of a woman! his daughter Janet, though she was a woman, and a young one, had no such enthusiasm of trust in her being. She would have scorned his weakness had she been by — very differently would Janet have dealt with a hesitating lover. But the demagogue had enthroned in his soul an ideal to which, perhaps, his very tenderest affections, the deepest sentiments he was capable of, had clung. He had fallen for the moment into that madness which works in the brain when we are wroth with those we love. And he did not know now how to make amends for it, how to open wide enough the door of that window into his heart which shows the quivering and longing in it. But he had said for the moment all he could say.

And for a time there was silence in the little room. Fairfax, who understood him, turned away, and began to stare at a rude-colored print on the wall in order to leave the others alone. He would himself have held out his hand before half this self-revelation had been made, and perhaps Spears would have but lightly appreciated that naive response. But Paul was by no means ready to yield. He kept silence for what seemed to the interested spectator ten minutes at least.

Then he said, slowly, —

"I think it would be wise to inquire

into the facts of the case before permitting yourself to use such language, Spears, even if you had not roused your rabble against me."

He said these strident words in the most forcible way, making the r's roll.

"Rabble?" Spears repeated, with a tone of dismay, but his patience was not exhausted nor his penitence. "I know," he said, "it was wrong. I don't excuse myself. I behaved like a fool, and it costs a man like me something to say that. Paul—come! why should we quarrel? Let bygones be bygones. They should have torn me to pieces before they had laid a finger on you."

"A good many of them would have smarted for it if they had laid a finger on me," said Paul. "That I promise you."

Spears laughed; his mind was relieved. He gave his vigorous person a shake and was himself again.

"Well, that is all over," he said. "It will be a lesson to me. I am a confounded fool at bottom, after all. Whatever mental advantages you may have, that's what the best of us have to come to. My blood gets hot, and I lose my head. There's a few extenuating circumstances though. Have you forgotten, Paul, that we were to sail in October, and it's the 20th of September now? Not a word have I heard from you since you left Oxford, three weeks ago. What was I to think? I know what's happened in the mean time; and I don't say," said Spears, slowly, "that if you were to throw us overboard at the last moment, it would be a thing without justification. I told you at the time you would be more wise to let us alone. But you never had an old head on young shoulders. A generous heart never counts the cost in that way, still—And the time, my dear fellow, is drawing very near."

"I may as well tell you," said Paul, tersely, "I am not going with you, Spears."

The man sat firm in his chair as if he had received a blow, leaning back a little, pressing himself against the woodwork.

"Well!" he said, and kept upon his face a curious smile, the smile, and the effort alike, showing how deeply the stroke had penetrated. "Well!" he repeated, "now that I know everything—now you have told me—I don't know that I have a word to say."

Paul said nothing, and for another minute there was again perfect silence. Then Spears resumed,—

"I thought as much," he said. "I

have always thought it since the day you went away. A man understands that sort of thing by instinct. Well! it's a disappointment, I don't deny; but no doubt," said Spears, with a suppressed tone of satire in his voice, "though I've no experience of the duties of a rich baronet, nor the things it lays upon you, no doubt there's plenty to do in that avocation, and looking after property requires work. There's a thousand things that it must now seem more necessary to do than to start away across the Atlantic with a set of visionaries. I told you so at the beginning, Paul—or Sir Paul, I suppose I ought to say; but titles are not much in my way," he said, with a smile, "as you know."

"You may save yourself the trouble of titles here, for I am not Sir Paul, nor have I anything in the way of property to look after that will give me much trouble. It appears," said Paul, with a smile that was very like that of Spears, which sat on his lips like a grimace, "it appears that I have an elder brother who is kind enough to relieve me from all inconvenience of that sort."

Spears turned to Fairfax with a look of consternation, as if appealing to him to guarantee the sincerity of his friend.

"What does he mean?" he cried, bewildered.

"We need not go into all the question," said Paul. "Fairfax, haven't they got that cab yet? My foot's better—I can walk to the door, and these gentlemen seem to be dispersing. We must not enter into explanations. I'm not a rich baronet, that is about all. The scum has not come uppermost this time. You see you made a mistake in your estimate of my motives."

This time he laughed that harsh, bitter, metallic laugh which is one of the signs of nervous passion. He had such a superiority over his assailant as nothing else could have given him. And as for Spears, shame, and wonder, and distress, struck him dumb. He gasped for breath.

"My God!" he said; "and I to fall upon you for what had never happened, and taunt you with wealth when you were poor. Poor! are you actually poor, Paul?"

"What is the use of searching into it? the facts are as I have told you. I sha'n't starve," said the young man, holding his head high.

Spears looked at him with a mixture of grief and satisfaction, and held out a large hand.

"Never mind," he said, his face melting and working, and a smile of a very different character gleaming over it, "you would have been out of place with us if you had been Sir Paul; but come now, my lad, come now. It's not money we want, but men. Come with us, you'll be as welcome as the sunshine, though you have not a penny. For a rich man, I could see myself the incongruity; but for a poor man, what could be better than a new country and a fair field? Come! don't bear malice for a few hasty words that were repented of as soon as they were said. I would have scorned to say a word had you been kept back by your new grandeur. But now that you're disinherited — why, Paul, come — Australia is the place for such as you. Young and strong, with a good heart, and all the world before you. Why, there's a new country for you to get hold of, to govern, if you like. Come, I'll not oppose any dignity you may gain out there, and I tell you, you'll have the ball at your foot, and the whole world before you. Come with us, I ask this time as a favor, Paul."

He had held out his hand with some wavering and doubt, though with enthusiasm. But gradually a curious expression of wonder came to his face; his hand dropped at his side. Paul made no motion towards taking it; the demagogue thought it was resentment. A vivid color came into his face.

"Come, this is a little too much for old friends," he said, getting up hastily from his chair, with a thrill of wounded feeling in his voice.

"Don't wrong him, Spears," said Fairfax. "He has had a great deal to bother him, and his foot is bad. You can meet another time and settle that. At present, let us get out of this place. If he is angry, he has a right to be; but never mind that now. Let us get him out of here."

Spears did not say another word. He stalked away into the house to which this room belonged, and the "hall" beyond it. It was a little tavern of the lower class in which he was living. By-and-by the woman came to say there was a cab at the door. And Paul limped out, leaning on Fairfax.

All was quiet outside; the meeting dispersed; only one or two men sitting in the room down-stairs, who cast a curious look upon the two young men, but took no further notice. As for Spears, he did not appear at all. He was keeping behind; his heart wrung with various feelings, but

too much wounded, too much disappointed, too sore and sad to show himself. If Paul had seemed to require help, the rejected prophet was lingering in the hope of offering it; but nothing of the kind seemed the case. He limped out, holding Fairfax's arm. He did not even look round him as the other did, or show any signs of a wish to see him. Spears had not got through the world up to this time without mortification; but he had never suffered so acutely as now.

"Poor Spears!" Fairfax contrived to say, as they jolted along, leaving the mean and monotonous streets behind them. "I think you might have taken his hand."

"Pshaw!" said Paul, "I am tired to death of all that. I don't mean to say he is not honest — far more honest than most of them — but what is the meaning of all that clap-trap? Why, Spears ought to know as well as any man what folly it is. Bosh!" said the young man with an expression of disgust. The milder spectator beside him looked at him with unfeigned surprise.

"I thought you went as far as he did, Markham. I thought you were out-and-out in your principles, accepting no compromise — I thought —"

"You thought I was a fool," said Paul, bitterly, "and you were right enough, if that is any satisfaction to you; but I had a lesson or two before my poor father's death — and more after. Don't let us speak of it. When a man has made an ass of himself, it is no pleasure to him to dwell upon it. And I am not free yet, nor I don't know when I shall be," he cried, with an irrepressible desire for sympathy, then closed his mouth as if he had shut a book, and said no more.

Thus they went jolting and creaking over the wet pavements all gleaming with muddy reflections. London was grim and dismal under that autumn rain. No flashing of carriages about, or gleams of toilette, or signs of the great world which does its work under the guise of pleasure. A theatre now and then in a glare of gas with idle people hanging about, keeping themselves dry under the porch. Afterward the great vacant rooms at the clubs with a vague figure scattered here and there, belated "men," or waiters at their ease. The foot-passengers hurrying along under umbrellas, the cabs all splashed with mud, weary wayfarers and muddy streets. There was scarcely a word exchanged between them as they went along.

"Where are you living?" said Fairfax at last.

"The house is shut up," said Paul, giving the name of his hotel.

"But my place is not. Will you come with me and have your foot looked to? I wish you would come, Markham. There are heaps of things I want to say to you, and to ask you."

Paul was in so fantastic and unreasonable a condition of mind, that these last words were all that was necessary to alter his decision. He had thought he would go — why not? — and escape a little from all the contradictions in his own mind by means of his friend's company. But the thought of having to answer questions made an end of that impulse of confidence. He had himself taken to the hotel instead, where he said to himself with forlorn pride, at least there was nobody to insist upon any account of his thought or doings, where he could be unmolested by being alone.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE ASCENT OF RORAIMA.

We left Karenacru for the great Roraima, on Sunday, July 22, 1877. Our party numbered fifteen. There were my fellow-traveller, Mr. Eddington, and myself; two Arecoonaah Indians, who knew something of the country for which we were bound, and would be able to point out to us the best hunting-grounds; Cephas the Second, son of our old man at Karenacru, and formerly cook or spoiler of food to Eddington; an Indian named Henry; Canister Boss, so named because his chief function on the journey was to carry my canister — a merry, careless Indian; an Indian boy of about eleven, whom we named Snob, and who was to be our page and personal servant; a couple of guides, father and son, from the Roraima country, rejoicing in the names of Yarnarypoo and Marrymarrypoo, which names we discarded for Stiggins and Stiggins's son, from the supposed resemblance of the father to Dickens's celebrated character; our old captain, Cephas, the Carisbisce chief, and his son Peter, who were to be our interpreters; old Charlie of Seraboruta, a hideous old fellow, but hardy and willing; and two others who assisted in the carrying.

We took with us enough bread to last but three days, intending to buy at the different houses and villages on the road. Our only luxury was half a pound of tea, which was reserved for wet nights or in

case any one caught fever. Of rice, sugar, coffee, or tinned meats, we had none, depending on our huntsmen for fish, flesh, and fowl, and on the inhabitants for bread and vegetables.

The whole village assembled to witness our start, and all sorts of calamities were prophesied as the probable result of our rashness in venturing into the heart of the country of the ferocious Arecoonaahs, the hereditary foes of the Macusis. These doleful predictions failed to daunt us, and we took our way in a northerly direction across the rolling savannah of coarse, wiry grass. In the blue distance we saw the Pacaraima Mountains, over which we were to pass. Coming to a bend in the river Pirara, we had a refreshing bath, and afterwards indulged in a smoke and a drink of sowboorow, which is merely water with a little cassava bread soaked in it. While resting here Eddington shot an iguana, and thus provided us with fresh meat for dinner. Pursuing our journey, we twice crossed the Pirara, which meanders very much in this region. At one of the bends we passed a wooden frame which had been used for preventing the return of the manatee in the dry season to the Amazon, from which river they ascend the small tributaries to breed. The wooden frame had fallen into disrepair; the Indians do not like the flesh of the manatee — a fact for which I cannot account, knowing from experience how delicious and how wholesome it is.

We camped on the banks of the river Nappi, and after another bath we prepared our dinner, which consisted of the before-mentioned iguana, to which we added a duckler. These just sufficed to supply our wants and those of our Falstaffian army. We were favored with a lovely night, the bright moon casting her luminous rays over our faces as we lay in our hammocks.

We were on the march next morning by six o'clock, and, after a brisk walk over a fine stretch of grass land, reached another bend of the Pirara. Some of the party got in, and waded down the shallow stream towards the Ireng. About one P.M. we reached a landing-place, where we found a canoe, which we had ordered to be in readiness. The rest of our party here rejoined us, and we pursued our way to the stream Sourapee, where we camped for the night. We were sitting down to a rather meagre dinner, consisting of iguana, when one of our Arecoonaah huntsmen appeared with a fine doe on his shoulders. The scene at once changed

as if by magic. Some set to work to skin the animal, some to cut him, and others to prepare a large fire. We dined sumptuously and slept in comfort.

Our next day's journey was less agreeable than its predecessors, as our way lay across a most uneven savannah, the hillocks and hollows in which were hidden from our view by the tall grass. But we were well provided with food, having secured three fine does. We were totally without water, however, and in the hope of reaching some before nightfall we pressed on at a rapid rate. About two o'clock we came upon one of the most refreshing sights I have ever seen. A splendid sheet of bright blue water lay before us, the breeze rippling its surface till it sparkled like a million gems. The beach was of snow-white sand, bordered by a belt of fine cashew-trees, which gave us ample shade from the burning sun. This lake is named Culucurana. We doffed our clothes and plunged into the cool water, and swam about till dinner-time. The Pacaraima Mountains, now within a day's march, made a rich background to the scene before us. Some of the slopes presented a surface of bright, velvety grass, and others were crowned with the more sombre foliage of trees. When the moon came up, illuminating the hills, sending right across the lake a broad band of light, and disclosing the swarthy figures of the Indians in our camp, the picture was one which could never be forgotten.

We entered the Pacaraima range on the 25th, and after crossing a small mountain descended into a valley beyond. We passed two shallow streams — the Unamarra and a branch of the Unamara — and reached the village of Boonia, inhabited by half-bred Macusis. We were here fortunate enough to be able to purchase a gourd of salt, of which precious article we were obliged to be as careful as if it were gold, having forgotten to take any with us from Karenacru. There was an Indian at this place who had been to a mission station on the Demarara River to be "improved upon," and who had come up country to "improve upon" other Indians. He had with him a small religious book entitled "Questions and Answers on the Old Testament," with prayers at the end in the Acawoi language, which but few Macusis understand. His practice was to collect a few Indians around him, and read, or rather pretend to read, from the book. I got him to read to me whilst I looked over

the book, but I found he did not even know the letters, and was merely repeating over and over again a prayer which he had learned by rote. The Indians, however, were pleased to think it very wonderful, and said, as Cephas translated to me, "God has come out this side." The rogue makes rather a good thing of it. He despairs work, and is always sure to get the best of whatever is going. Whilst I was there he prophesied that God was going to burn the world up by the following Christmas. Short-dated prophecies are rarely trustworthy.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Boonia followed us when we set out for the next village, Ikaouta, where we heard bread was procurable. Arrived there, the people brought us gourds of drink, apparently made from Indian corn and the bitter cassava. A suspicion crossed my mind that it had been chewed by the women, piauari-fashion; but being extremely thirsty, I drank in silence. Here, too, we got a good supply of excellent tobacco. In the afternoon, the Indian preacher from Boonia, accompanied by one of his wives, appeared, and offered us four small cakes of cassava bread at a ridiculously exorbitant price in powder, caps, and beads. We declined to treat with him, but the same four cakes were brought to us later on by another Indian, and we bought them from him, together with a quantity of plantains, for about twenty hooks. The preacher took his revenge by warning some of the villagers ahead not to supply us with food, "as we would not pay for it," and we were put to some inconvenience in consequence.

While at Ikaouta, I climbed to the top of one of the mountains, and got a magnificent view of the whole valley, with its lovely expanses of green grass, varied with the belts of trees which line the banks of the stream in its serpentine course between the hills. Dotted about were Indian dwellings, with their round-pointed roofs, whilst light patches in the neighboring bush showed the spots where the cassava — the staff of life in these latitudes — was cultivated. The scene was full of repose and beauty, and I regretted to leave it, the more so as a pleasant breeze was blowing, while in the valley below the atmosphere was hot and painfully still. We camped in the open air, as usual, and next morning pushed on through the village of Yakoowah-outa (*outa* means the head or rise of a river or stream), over hills and along valleys and across dimpling streams, amongst

scenery of the rarest beauty. The sombre foliage of the trees on the mountain-sides was finely set off by the silvery cascades pouring over the purple rocks. All Nature here dons her most beautiful attire, and one wonders that scenes of such tranquil loveliness should for generations be allowed to remain utterly unknown. We slung our hammocks that afternoon in a small copse on the banks of the Conawahouta. Our way during part of the day had been over broken white quartz, very pretty to look at, but painful enough to travel over.

After a comfortable night's rest we started at daybreak, and by 9 A.M. (July 28) reached an Indian house called Cone-y-caru, where we waited for some hours while the inhabitants made cassava bread. We here made the discovery that our guide "Stiggins"—right proud he was of his name, not having the least notion what it meant—had been causing us great disadvantage by telling the natives as we came along that we had enormous quantities of goods, that we were prepared to pay fabulous prices for food, and that now was their time to make their market. His object, no doubt, was to ingratiate himself with the inhabitants in view of some future expedition. Stiggins's own appetite was immoderately large, with the inconvenient habit of expanding whenever our supplies were running short; then he would gorge himself with food as if to provide a reserve fund, in the event of bankruptcy in our commissariat. The other Indians followed suit whenever they could get the opportunity. And we found it difficult to prevent opportunities arising for indulgence in contraband lunches. If Eddington and I walked at the head of the party, Stiggins and his son, who always carried some part of our provisions, would lag behind, and innumerable small inroads would be made on our slender stock. If, on the other hand, we walked last, the devoted pair would dart ahead in the most vigorous style, and by the time we were able to come up with them they would be wiping their lips in a comfortable state of satiety. There was one method of protection indeed that was available. One of us might have kept in front of the party while the other brought up the rear. But the plan would have separated us, and put an end to those conversations and that courage-inspiring companionship which proved so great a support and comfort to us. And after duly debating the great question—in an adventurous journey with the danger

always before us of a stoppage of supplies and the obtaining of more notoriously precarious, the careful husbanding of such as we had was a grave question indeed—we agreed to endure the peculation and continue the companionship. We were not able to make much headway after leaving Cone-y-caru, and we slung our hammocks late in the afternoon by the side of a small stream of good water.

On our eighth day out we found, to our great satisfaction, that every member of the party was in excellent condition for continuing our tramp. Leaving our camping-ground we arrived in a few hours at the bank of a rocky and well-wooded stream, called Ovie-outa. Here we bathed, rested, smoked, and drank the cooling sowboorow. We then made our way through what Cephas was pleased to call a "path" in the thick bush. Path there was none, in any rational meaning of the word. The tangled undergrowth was so thick that it had evidently been but seldom traversed, and, except perhaps to the discerning eye of an Indian, the way we took was undistinguishable from the bush on either hand. After a toilsome journey, with all our baggage, over some immense steep granite slabs, we emerged upon a grassy, undulating savannah; but here, instead of the smooth course we imagined before us, we found the ground covered with white pebbles, pink-veined and beautiful to look at, but almost as sharp as knives, and, in spite of the utmost caution, causing us great pain as we gingerly walked over them. Our foot-gear had not been calculated for this sort of travelling. However, we plodded on and came to a steep hill, from the top of which, as Stiggins told us, we could see Roraima. And sure enough we did, but only just. Waetipu hid the greater portion, and the outline of the remainder was just discernible in the hazy distance. Away to the west, in Brazil, we could distinguish the Sapong Mountain, a huge cone; and masses of mountains lay on all sides of us. The sight was very imposing, and there was everywhere an air of intense loneliness. No curling smoke from the sheltered valleys told of human habitations, nor was there any sign of bird or beast save here and there a minute speck in the heavens, which we knew to be the vulture soaring in huge circles over our heads. They seemed to be watching us, and were possibly waiting to make mental note of where we should camp, in order to gather the scraps after our departure. We descended into a broad valley with a

stream (the Kaipong, a tributary of the Ireng) running along the bottom, its course being clearly mapped out by the fringe of trees along its margin. On the banks of this stream we came to a lonely Indian house, whose occupants were three women and a baby. The sudden apparition of two *baranickeri*, or white men almost frightened the women out of their wits, they apparently imagining that we were jumbies or evil spirits. They gradually became calmer as we spoke to them in Macusi, and when our men came up and explained who we were and what our errand was, they laughed heartily and seemed rather to enjoy the joke. We pursued our way for about half a mile before camping for the night. The green grass was dotted over with huge patches of white stone, giving a pleasant, cool appearance to the scene, and making it rather resemble a green park after a thaw and while mounds of snow remain here and there. The atmosphere now began to get cooler every day, and in the early morning our Indians shivered perceptibly.

The earlier part of our way next morning lay through long grass heavily laden with dew, which saturated our boots as completely as if we had forded a river. We met a few Indians of the Ingarrégo tribe, repulsive-looking fellows, but perfectly harmless. While we were resting near a glorious little waterfall on the river Hiawah, our Indians made themselves sandals out of the lower part of the leaves of the ita palm, using the fronds, peeled and twisted, as laces to attach them to their feet. Mounting a steep hill, we came to a fine plateau, at the end of which was an almost perpendicular cliff about two hundred feet high. This we had to climb, and very stiff work we found it. The Indians were quite jaded with the exertion, and Cephas, who was completely blown, exclaimed, "Oh, buckra! why you go bring a' we poor people here so? for kill a' we?" Descending into a large circular valley, we came to a fine clear stream named the Irewai-mai-kapo, on the banks of which we slung our hammocks for the night. Early in the morning the rain came down a thick, cold drizzle; we all turned out and lighted the fires, made a little tea, and ate our last piece of cassava. We started as soon as the light of day appeared, and in a short time the hot sun came out and restored to us the comfort of warmth and dry raiment. We followed the course of the Irewai-mai-kapo

until we came to a part where it plunged over a ledge of rock, forming a cascade of about seventy feet. From this point we ascended a mountain, from which we saw the gigantic Roraima looming large but indistinct in the distance. Crossing the mountain river Karakanang, we made all haste forward in the hope of reaching some habitations, as our provisions were quite exhausted. After a long and toilsome journey, up and down rough steep hills and through neglected bush paths, interlaced with lianas and all kinds of underwood, we arrived at two Ingarrégo houses. The Indians here gave us calabashes of drink, prepared from the root of the tannia. It was not nectar, but we thought it refreshing under the circumstances. They also scraped and baked some cassava for us, so that we were soon able to restore the inner man with hot bread and a broiled pigeon that one of our huntsmen had managed to shoot. Later in the day the huntsman brought in two fine toucans, a pigeon, and a greenish bird with blue head, like an English jay in shape, but longer in the tail. These we boiled together, adding a little corn, cayenne pepper, and salt, and we all dined sumptuously from the savory mess.

We remained at this village—named Karakanang, after the river—for the whole of the next day, our object being to gather in an ample supply of bread before venturing into a country where we might find difficulty in obtaining it. We bade adieu to our hospitable entertainers on the 2nd of August, having obtained ten cakes of bread and a promise of further supplies on our return. From the tops of the hills which we traversed we got magnificent views of the surrounding country; Roraima being still, however, partly hidden by the big Waëtipu. After crossing numerous gullies and streams, we came to a high hill, which we ascended, and found that the top was a level plain extending for many miles. We were here met by three Indians who had heard we were going to Roraima, and who brought us pumpkins, papaws, corn, and bread. They demanded very exorbitant prices, but we succeeded in coming to a bargain, and the payment had no sooner been made than two women who had been with the Indians, but had remained in the background, came running up, anxious to overhaul the proceeds. On this day we bathed in a deliciously cool, clear pool, about five feet deep, the bottom lined with slabs of jasper so evenly dove-

tailed, that, feeling with one's feet, one could not tell the places where they were joined. It was more like the work of skilled masons than a tank formed by nature. From this point bits of red jasper cropped up all along our route; and after crossing a stream called the Ynar, we came to a jasper hill, pink, red, and dark brown. Our men collected a quantity of good pieces, which they stowed away, to carry with them on their return. They use jasper instead of flint for striking fire.

We slept by the banks of the Cotinga that night, and next morning followed the course of that river for about a mile, when we forded it, though not without great difficulty and some danger. A hunt after a large ant-bear and its final capture relieved the monotony of the day's march. When we awoke next morning, being then at a very high elevation, we found ourselves enveloped in a big cloud, our hammocks and ourselves wet through, and all of us excessively cold. A fine, clear day followed, and we pursued our way amid increasing difficulties till we arrived at a house close to the foot of Waëtipu, where we obtained plantains and corn. We were glad to leave the house by daybreak, as it swarmed with fleas. Having made some purchases, we crossed the Rona, a shallow but rugged stream, and ascended a wooded steep covered with the mountain silvabally and bullet-tree. On the top we found a large tract of slightly undulating table-land, from which rises Waëtipu, looking very imposing in the rays of the morning sun. The plateau is intersected by streamlets running in all directions from the mountain, which seems to be one vast spring. Water welled and oozed out of its sides, from near the top even, and trickling down the bare mountain shone like a network of glaciers. Yellowish grass, wiry and stunted, with a few stunted trees dotted about in clumps, formed the only covering to the rocks. Pursuing our way, we passed a small mountain called Marima; and then a little farther Roraima, half enveloped in thick white clouds and looking very grand, came in sight. We camped on the banks of a cold, clear stream called the Hokkoi (Indian for "snake"). The night proved rainy and cold, and we were without shelter of any kind. Large wood-fires, which we kept burning during the night, provided us with some warmth. We started again at dawn and pursued our way through long, wet grass and occasionally up steep hills,

keeping up a rattling pace, until we came to a valley with a large stream running along it, named the Arapoopooh. On the banks we found a prettily-situated village, Tooroie, with Roraima, about three miles off, seeming to tower over it. Sir Robert Schomburgh visited this village in the course of his travels; and the Indian chief, who greeted us in kindly fashion, told us that the distinguished traveller had appointed him captain of Roraima, since when he has called himself Captain Simon. Captain Simon was kind and useful to us in many ways, particularly in the matter of supplies.

We bade adieu to him on the eighteenth day of our march from Karenacru (August 8th), and, crossing the Arapoopooh, ascended numerous steeps till we reached a large plateau which runs partly round Roraima. Here Captain Simon had thoughtfully erected and fitted up for us a commodious banaboo. Roraima looked very majestic in the sinking sun, but a glance sufficed to show that any attempt to climb it at this point must be hopeless. Next morning we crossed the river Cowah, which rises at the south-east corner of Roraima; and after seeing Roraima No. 2—for there are two of these enormous elevated plateaux, though the Indians have but the one name for them—approached the belt of bush which surrounds these massive walls of rock. We built a banaboo here, and after breakfast sent some of our Indians on a hunting expedition, while my companion and I sought to push our way to the base. So intensely thick, however, did we find the bush that we had to cut or beat down every step we took. In every direction forms of vegetation, entirely new to us, presented themselves. Tree ferns twenty feet high, new kinds of palm-trees, lovely flowers with delicious scent, mosses and ivies, lay all around us. After two hours' vigorous toil we returned to the stream to bathe, and had a fine view of Kukenaam waterfall, coming perpendicularly down the south-east face of the second Roraima. It is a magnificent waterfall, and the Indians say there is a big sea at the top of Roraima, and that the waves keep tumbling over the edge. After its first pitch of two thousand feet or so it forms numerous fine cascades, and then winds its way into the Brazils till it falls into the Yurani, which joins the Caroni, a branch of the Orinoco.

The weather we experienced was tantalizingly capricious. Heavy showers fell for perhaps half an hour at a stretch, and

whilst we were cold and drenched we could see the Brazils lying just below us, and Venezuela to the right, bathed in glorious sunshine. Every now and then the clouds would envelope us, so that for a few minutes we could not see any object ten yards off; then they would descend below our level and leave us in a bright, delicious atmosphere, the flowers and ferns glittering with beads of dew, as if they had just been decorated with myriads of jewels. At this height we felt excessively cold after the sudden transition from the heat of the plains. We were not too well off for clothing, but our Indians, who had little or none, sat shivering around the fire, and could scarcely be induced to stir. Our example of keeping up the circulation by constant exercise did not commend itself to them.

Heather not unlike that in our own country was plentiful, but as for grouse we were content to dream of it. Ground orchids, deliciously scented parasites, and dwarf pine-apple plants (unfortunately not in bearing) in great numbers, helped to make up the almost impenetrable bush which it was our first object to get through.

The rain came down in torrents during the night, and our banaboo was not very water-tight. We succeeded in getting a fair amount of rest notwithstanding, and next morning, after a meagre breakfast of maroudi drumsticks and cassava pap, we started off, with two of our Aracoanah Indians carrying cutlasses, to resume our labors in the bush. After six hours' incessant labor, we reached the wall of the great Roraima, having cut through, including what we had done on the previous day, about half a mile of the densest bush I ever had to encounter. We found that the vast mural precipice was not perpendicular, as we had supposed and as it has always been described, but overhanging, which seemed to destroy the hope of our ever being able to ascend it. It was evident that man had never troubled the locality before us, nor wild beasts either. We crossed slippery, decayed logs, crawled beneath arching branches, and crept up curious holes surrounded by masses of vegetation, living and decayed. Occasionally we had to traverse a steep bank covered with wet, slippery moss, and at other times surmount disjointed masses of rock, bare, wet, and slimy. Everything was damp and rank. Wet mosses and ivy clung in festoons to every tree and branch to which we had to cling for support or to drag ourselves up, and

our hands were almost frozen. Added to this, an icy rain fell upon us in huge drops nearly the whole time we were cutting our way.

Perhaps it was some reward for our discomfort that we met with trees and plants totally different from anything we had ever seen. Cephas, our Carib guide, who is an old bushman and knows the name of every tree that grows on the savannahs and along the rivers, did not know what to make of it. His exclamations of surprise were constant, as each new form of vegetable life came to sight. Ferns were in endless variety, from the tiny parsley to the gigantic tree. Mosses, too, of strange hue and shape, dripping with the clearest water, formed little grottoes among the trees and rocks; almost leading one to expect a brilliant fairy to emerge and demand by whose leave or authority we were thus rudely hacking our way through her sacred domain. Waxy flowers of pink, scarlet, blue, and lilac, some like fuchsias, some like our home snowdrop, were to be seen in countless numbers. One description which particularly abounded was like a white camellia, similar in foliage also, with exquisite scent, and from six to eight inches in diameter. Some of the plants bore masses of brilliant flowers and no leaves at all; and some had red berries like the mountain-ash. When within about sixty yards of the end of the bush, the huge cliff towering high over our heads, we came into a tangled brake of prickly branches, which we both remarked looked very like the English blackberry-bush. Judge of our delight and astonishment when on looking about we discovered some flowers, and then some fruit, quite ripe, and found that it was the real identical blackberry that as boys we had so often eaten in old England! We never enjoyed anything more thoroughly. A blackberry feast on Roraima! How the plant ever got there must remain a puzzle. The Indians had never seen it before and were doubtful about tasting the fruit, but when they saw us eating so confidently they followed our example and heartily enjoyed the little luxury.

When we reached the face of Roraima, we sat down for some time to enjoy the scene. We could now realize for the first time the gigantic proportions of the rock, and, alas! we could also realize that from the spot which we had reached, and with our lack of appliances, it was inaccessible. Though only at the base of the perpendicular wall itself, we had attained a great

height, and except when the mist intercepted the view the atmosphere was so clear as to make the distances of the various points within sight appear much less than they really were.

Cutting down some more of the bush and palm-trees, we were able to get a magnificent glimpse of the surrounding country. The plain below us seemed comparatively flat, with slight mounds here and there; but we well knew, from having traversed them, that the "slight mounds" were good stiff hills.

Had circumstances permitted us to stay—especially had our *negotia*, with which we paid the Indians for the food and their wages, not shown symptoms of exhaustion—we should certainly have continued the path along the face of the mountain. By that means we might have discovered some cleft or watercourse up which an ascent could be made. So far as I could judge, the gorge which divided the two parts of Roraima would be the likeliest starting-point for such an attempt. But we have no positive knowledge on the subject, and previous to our experiment no human being was ever known to penetrate the belt of bush which encircles and protects the solitude of Roraima.

Before quitting the cliff, we cut our initials on a piece of rock, and afterwards made the welkin ring with the song "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." Doubtless this was the first time that song had been heard there, and I must add that the Indians were greatly amused. The return journey was not accomplished without sundry slippings and stumblings, not to mention disastrous rents to our clothing, but we were heartily glad to get shelter in our banaboo once more, and exchange our drenched and mutilated attire for drier and more comfortable covering.

Rain fell heavily at intervals during the night. Pretty ideas are often associated with the word "cascade;" but to have little leaping rivulets penetrating your roof and souising you in your hammock while you are trying to get a few hours' much-needed sleep, will be admitted to be many degrees removed from the height of ecstasy. When the morning came, we were numb with cold and the fire was nearly out—temporary ills which soon were remedied. By puffing the embers and piling on more wood we soon got a cheerful blaze, and a cup of hot pap made our frozen blood circulate once more. Then (having finished all our food) we

began to descend, and, after a fatiguing pedestrian exercise of the "go-as-you-like" kind, we in a couple of hours reached the banks of the Kukenaam. Eddington and I swam across, our retinue finding their way over at some shallow rapids higher up the river. Walking in a north-easterly direction, we soon came to a rocky stream called the Ter, which rises in Roraima. We then changed our course to south by west, and turned our backs on the great mountain. Journeying on till one o'clock, we came to the dwelling of our guide, where we were cordially shaken by the hand by a number of Indian women who had assembled to meet us. One of them revelled in a calico gown, very dirty, but still bearing faint traces of a bygone whiteness. This lady, who assumed some peculiar rank among her companions, was particular in her attentions to us. She offered up what seemed to be a very short prayer, followed by what I thought a very long sermon. We were often able to detect the name of Makanaima during her discourse, but all the rest was lost to us. Meanwhile the other ladies, less distinguished but more practical, ministered to our bodily wants by bringing out several pots of kallaloo boiled with peppers, besides a good supply of cassava pap and a drink called beltri, which is really only another variety of paiwarri.

The house was comparatively new and large, and was happily free from that almost universal pest of Indian houses, the chigoe. We were therefore not reluctant to make a halt here. When she had concluded her discourse, the lady of the calico gown sat down to bake cassava bread on a thin circular stone about three feet in diameter. She told me it was for us, and that she wanted plenty of beads and calico for it. Her only other garment beside the piece of calico was the national queyon, and whenever she chose to sit down she hoisted her skirt over her head in a way that was most embarrassing to

We remained at Mānōō-pōtāh-pooh—that is the name of the place, and I am told it is Aracoona for "the young girl with bad feet"!—all that night, but could obtain little sleep. The house, as I have said, was large for an Indian dwelling, but there were no fewer than fifty-five people in it, besides a number of dogs, and the only door was tightly closed. The children and dogs kept up an intermittent chorus of sounds which were anything but soothing; and, to add to our

discomfort, seven big fires were kept up. Such a strong cold wind was, however, blowing, that we were glad to be inside, hot and stifling though it was. Before dawn some of the more wakeful members of the household began to pray aloud, the prayer consisting of a curious jumble of fragments out of some of the genealogical chapters of the Bible done into the Ara-coonah tongue. Following this there was a lengthy discourse by the lady of the dirty dress, which, however, she had discarded for the more simple national costume of an apron of beads. We left Mānōō-pōtāh-pooh, with little regret, at as early an hour as we could conveniently get away.

MONTAGU FLINT, F.R.G.S.

From Tinsley's Magazine.  
A PERSIAN GARDEN-PARTY.

BY A GUEST.

I HAD been invited by the wife of the chief banker of Shiraz to spend a day with her and a party of ladies at a village about five miles from the city.

On the day fixed I left the town soon after sunrise, and, attended by two servants, rode through one of its ruined gates; the way under it was lined with sleeping soldiers, who raised their heads to have a look at a Feringhee woman, who is still an object of curiosity. Having crossed the bed of a river now quite dry, we rode for three miles between high mud walls, over which could be seen the gorgeous scarlet flowers of the pomegranate, of which acres are grown in this part. We constantly met droves of donkeys laden with rhubarb for the market; this grows wild on the neighboring hills. It was now very hot, and I was not sorry to see a small door in one of the walls, at which a crowd of servants were waiting, who at once pressed forward apparently to assist, but I fancy in reality to satisfy their curiosity. I was now taken through a large compound, with the usual tank and trees in the centre, round the walls of which were tied about thirty white donkeys; these were the steeds of the guests, and are of considerable value, often costing as much as a good horse. On leaving the compound, a black servant came forward and gave me a large bouquet of roses, very tastefully arranged. I was now joined by the confidential women of the hostess, and taken to a room to change my habit for a cool dress. This done,

I was conducted into the presence of my hostess; and, after a grand ceremony of bowing and endless flowery speeches, we all sat down on very soft cushions, embroidered with gold thread (such a thing as a chair was not to be seen). After a little conversation, a cloth was spread on the carpets, and dishes, containing all the varieties of sweets for which the country is famous, were arranged in long rows. I may mention rhubarb was cut in thin slices and eaten with salt quite raw. Melon-seeds, salted, were also very plentiful, and pistachio nuts were strewn over most dishes. Several sorts of sherbet, with lumps of snow, were handed round, and, at intervals, the kalian, or water-pipe, made its appearance, and the ladies took frequent draws at it. The guests having eaten as many of the sweets as they felt inclined, carefully tied up some more in a small cloth, ready for eating from time to time. We then entered into a very lively conversation, chiefly consisting in my answering the numerous questions as to my dress, the cost of it, the way my husband treated me, what money I had, etc. One elderly lady advised me when I wanted a new dress to wait until my husband came in for his dinner, and then to ask for it. If not granted, to scream and cry, until the hungry man gave permission. This is, I believe, what many of them do, but I fancy it has not always the desired effect. They questioned me very closely as to the mode of punishment adopted by husbands to their wives; they, most of them, had had very intimate relations with a stick, and hardly believed my denial that my case was not so. Another lady expressed great surprise at my being able to read and write Persian. She wondered what use it could possibly be to a woman, as the payment of a small sum to a scribe would get a letter far better written. I said, "But suppose you should want to write something you did not wish every one to hear about?" This she thought was not likely, as everything is openly discussed before servants, and by them carried to the bazaars. The entrance of a Jew and his son playing on the guitar interrupted our chat, and we listened for an hour to some of the odes of Hafiz, after which a collection was made, and the liberality or stinginess of each freely commented upon. We were informed that breakfast would be ready in half an hour.

I will here give a description of my hostess and her dress. She wore a bright-red satin skirt, richly embroidered with

gold lace; it was very full and short, barely reaching to her knees; a loose jacket of blue velvet, also much trimmed — this time with silver lace; the sleeves were made of Cashmere shawl, buttoned by about twenty small steel buttons. She wore several necklaces, most of them very massive, and studded with fine turquoises. On her head she wore a white shawl, with a band of jewels round her forehead, and at one side a large pearl star. She had on both arms at least a dozen bracelets — some handsome ones, some only bands of colored glass. Her feet were covered with coarse white socks; her shoes green leather, with scarlet heels. Some of the ladies wore bright-red trousers reaching to the ankle; but this was quite the exception. They wore a long veil reaching from head to foot, generally made of some smart print or muslin. I ought to mention that every lady wore a small leather case round her neck, containing some earth from Mecca and verses from the Koran. The faces of my hostess and friends were much decorated, the eyebrows broadened and carried quite across the nose. Some had small designs tattooed on the cheeks. The hair is very long and thick, generally dyed red; it is worn plaited, in many thin tails, twisted with gold thread. The hands are well-shaped, but nails and palms are stained a dark red.

Soon after noon breakfast was announced. Two slaves brought a silver jug containing rose-water, which was poured over our hands; we then sat down at a cloth, spread as usual on the floor. Large dishes of rice, boiled to perfection, fowls and meat cooked in every manner possible; all dishes highly colored with saffron, and very much flavored with mint; fruit with mutton, dates with eggs, everything very greasy; large flat cakes of bread which served for plates. The guests plunged their hands into the rice, tore a piece of meat off where they liked, and ate very much and very fast. My knife and fork were much approved of, as keeping one's hands clean. Several tried to use them, but as they had a very indefinite notion of the use of the knife, I was not surprised to see one lip bleeding. My hostess tore off all the choicest bits, and piled them on my plate, sweets and meats all at once. We had sherbet-and-water passed round in wooden bowls. I was not invited to drink with them, but a glass bowl, holding about a quart, was put before me, containing most excellent sherbet made of limes. Every one, hav-

ing eaten plentifully, stood up and thanked the hostess, who led the way into a large cool room, with a tank in the centre; cushions were laid about, and then all soon composed themselves for their siesta, and for two hours everything was quiet. On waking up, rose-water was again brought, and a brown powder, which the ladies dusted over their hands and faces. We then went to another room, where we found a band of musicians, who played in a very monotonous way for some time; it seemed to give great satisfaction to most of those present, who clapped their hands and screamed for more. A collection was again made for the performers. Servants entered with trays of cherries, plums, and nuts: the hostess gave a portion to each guest, the more favored ones getting about double. A walk in the garden was then proposed; all the veils were put on for fear of meeting any one, and we went out into a very fine garden full of fruit-trees, water running between each row: the shade and coolness were very grateful. After a time out here, one is at no loss to wonder why the Persians are so fond of trees and water.

The garden must have been about forty acres in extent; half was planted with vines. The hostess gathered several grapes and gave them to me, very small and sour; I passed them on, and they were soon eaten. Unripe fruit is much liked, and eaten generally with salt.

We returned to the house for tea, which was served boiling hot in cups like a doll's, with tiny spoons. The tea was very sweet and made with rose-water. No milk was to be had. Half an hour later excellent ices were brought; and the clever way in which the ladies ate them with their fingers excited no small surprise in my mind. There was a stream running in front of the room, and one lady suggested that they should all adjourn to the side of it and sit with their feet in the water. This was accordingly done. I had many pressing invitations to remove my boots and do the same, which I declined. Now the talking was fast and loud; every sort of trick was played on their neighbors by those near them; snow was thrown about — not made into a ball, but in a loose mass. I showed them how to make a ball, which greatly pleased them. They improved on my pattern by putting green plums in the centre. At this game they played for some time; then the duties of the toilette appeared to have a claim on them, and from every pocket appeared a small mirror, pots and

papers containing powders and unguents for the beautifying of their faces. The contemplation of their charms when freshly touched up afforded them the greatest satisfaction. I made a remark as to the length of one lady's hair. In a minute every head was uncovered, in order that I might judge of the merits of each one. Some was very long and fine, but all of the uniform color.

Several children now made their entrance — quaint little things, terribly shy at the sight of a white face. It was hard work to persuade them to take sweets and fruit from me. They are taught great respect, never eating or sitting down before their parents until told to do so. They are generally very smartly dressed in satin and velvet. I never have seen them playing as English children do. They sit listening to everything that is said, and, if possible, pulling flowers to pieces; this, by the way, is a very favorite amusement of Persians of all ages. As it was now nearly sunset, and I was quite ready to leave my friends, who, though full of hospitable wishes were a little tiring, I went to my hostess, and, in the best Persian I could muster, made my salaams and thanks for the pleasures of the day. Great grief was expressed at my leaving, and they all showed a desire to embrace me most affectionately. This I managed to evade, and my hands were heartily shaken and showers of rose-leaves thrown over me. Two large bouquets of roses were given me. One young girl suggested that one was for my husband. A small party ventured, with their veils closely drawn round their faces, to come into the compound and see my horse. They did not think him superior to their donkeys, and the plain saddle and bridle were much disparaged. They have a great deal of silver about their trappings. At last I managed to say my final farewell, and rode off. It was very cool and pleasant; the sun setting behind the mountains tinted the whole landscape with a red-and-gold color never seen in England. I rode quickly to Shiraz, on the whole much amused with my first experience of life among the Persian ladies.

From The Leisure Hour.  
MUSIC IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THERE are many references to the music found in ancient documents relating to St. Paul's. There was ample provision

made for the support of those whose duty it was to attend to the celebration of the worship of praise in that place. There is a goodly list of honored and honorable names of musicians who in later years have earned a place in history. All these things point to the conclusion that the metropolitan cathedral has been from the oldest time an "encourager of the goodly and gentle art of musick."\*

Of the character of the music used in the period before the Reformation, of the manner of singing, and other matters, none but the scantiest records have reached us. There are, it is true, many particulars connected with the music or its performance which are interesting, but they are so chiefly from an antiquarian point of view. However tempting it may be to give extracts from the venerable records, it is proposed to refrain from all allusion to that part of the subject at present, further than to say that whatever value music possessed as an aid to devotion seemed to be fully held in view. As time grew on, and men's views suffered a change, the character of the music became altered, the composers and performers were something more than nameless items in the choir, those belonging to St. Paul's receiving due respect and admiration for their skill.

The history of music in St. Paul's becomes more important as our knowledge concerning it becomes more definite. In the wholesale confiscation and destruction of property belonging to cathedrals and monasteries in the reign of King Henry VIII., St. Paul's suffered. Choir-singing was forbidden, the organ silenced and ordered to be removed, the books were seized and carried away or publicly burned.

In St. Paul's the work of the commissioners for the removal of images was done quietly, without irreverence, but, it may not be doubted, with much sorrow. In other places, "not only images but wood-lofts, relics, sepulchres, books, banners, copes, vestments, altar-cloths, were in divers places committed to the fire, and that with much shouting and applause of the vulgar sort, as if it had been the sacking of some hostile city." For these reasons it is difficult to be able, at this distance of time, to tell anything with certainty concerning the character of the music done in St. Paul's in the old

\* Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the amount or the kind of music suitable to public worship, all (even the silent Friends) must be interested in this subject from its historical bearings.

building. We know a little of the matter at this period. We know the names of some of the musicians then and during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign from the few scattered remnants of their musical compositions left to us. The removal of those things in and about the cathedral, with which the people were wont to associate certain superstitious virtues, inspired feelings of a different kind. Contempt took the place of reverence as Puritanism became paramount. Up to this date all reference to the music in St. Paul's was of a general character. Now we begin to be afforded particular glimpses not only of the nature of the music sung, but also into the life, character, and works of those who took part in it. Musical pieces were multiplied by the printing-press. One of the first books containing settings of the canticles was published by John Day, 1560. "Imprinted at London, over Aldersgate, beneath St. Martin's." It contains the music in four-part harmony, and the names of the composers — some of whom were connected with St. Paul's — are also given: Caus-ton, Johnson, Oakland, Shepard, Tav-erner, and Tallis.

Thomas Tusser, a former chorister of St. Paul's, and the author of "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," tells us in his life a few incidents by which we learn how chorister-boys were treated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, both at Wallingford and at St. Paul's, under Red-ford, the organist, and from other writers of the period a great many facts might be quoted which would be in some sort interesting. The music used in the cathedral acquired a new character. The pre-eminent position occupied by the musicians at the time served to impart a value to the compositions of the period, both sacred and secular. The madrigals produced by the English musicians of Elizabeth's reign are acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to those of any other more vaunted musical people. The excellence of this secular music is also to be found in the music intended for the service of the Church. At this time there was only little, if any, difference between the character of "sacred or prophane" music. The limited number of progressions then allowed in harmony produced a similarity — not to say a monotony — of style. At this distance of time it is difficult to tell by the construction of the music alone whether the madrigals or the anthems would not be equally expres-

sive were an interchange of words to be made to the notes. This, however, is not a peculiarity confined to that particular date.

The composers certainly made the endeavor to introduce befitting expression, and although instances of this necessary union are rare, and sometimes only accidental, there is sufficient evidence of the attempt. It was not until later that distinct efforts were made by composers to impart a special character to music intended for use in the church. Various reasons have been given to prove the motives in the minds of the writers; some affecting to show that a desire to foster the principles and practices of the Puritans may be traced in the construction of the music; that in the anthems the composers sought to preserve a certain amount of that character which is said to belong to it, and at the same time made concessions to the popular taste by the introduction of such harmonies and phrases as would remind the hearers of the psalm tunes which, in many churches, were sung "Geneva wise," "men, women, and children all singing together." While this practice of psalm-singing was adopted in many churches, and became in time strongly established, it does not appear that congregational singing in St. Paul's was ever encouraged. The psalms were sung by the people at Paul's Cross, but not in the building, the dean strongly opposing any interference with the wonted custom within. The idlers and those who thronged the great aisles of the old church took only a passing interest in the musical service. The cathedral authorities concerned themselves chiefly with the enjoyment of their revenues, and made no attempt to attract the people to services of prayer and praise. The daily offices were duly and punctually celebrated. The composers, for the most part, wrote music to suit particular voices, and, by this means, gratified both performer and listeners. It is said that, by "accident rather than by deliberate design, they produced works which are now counted among the masterpieces of their kind." In the very disregard of old rules, and in the indulgence of novel harmonies, they opened a new field for further exploration. This "licentiousness," as it was called, not unfrequently gave rise to the display of "the vilest taste in music, both as regards the compositions themselves, and the singers who performed them."

This "bitter reckoning" seems to be

prompted by the spirit of the old Puritan writers, who inveigh against those who, "tossing the psalms from one side to the other," did not encourage the "people's joining with one voice in a plain tune."

In spite of misunderstanding, wilful or other, St. Paul's remained steadily and quietly working on in its accustomed groove, adding to and preserving the legacies of musical compositions written for the service of the Church. Not unmindful of the claims the sister cathedrals had to a share in the inheritance, she took the bold step of encouraging the printing of copies of some of her musical treasures.

This was the first printed collection of music for the service. It was made by John Barnard, minor canon of St. Paul's, in 1641. So well was it used, or abused, throughout the land, that no perfect copy of it is known to exist.

The first collection of words of anthems was also made by another minor canon, the Rev. James Clifford, some twenty years later, "Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choires in the Church of England." London, 1663."

In the interval between the publication of the two books St. Paul's suffered many changes. The nave was turned into a cavalry barracks for the soldiers of the Parliament; the choir, bricked off from the rest of the church, was made a "preaching place," the entrance to which was by a window broken down into a door at the north-east angle of the church, close behind the old Paul's Cross. Dr. Cornelius Burgess, "the anti-dean," as he was called, had an assignment of four hundred pounds "by the year" out of the revenues as a reward for his sermons, which were too often made up of invective against deans, chapters, and singing-men, against whom he seems to have had a great enmity. The Corinthian portico, designed by Inigo Jones, at the western end, was leased to a man who called it "Paul's Change," and let it out in small shops to haberdashers, glovers, milliners, and other petty tradesmen.

Scenes of riot both within and without the cathedral disturbed the serenity of the place, and were only suppressed by a stern authority. It was at one time actually proposed to sell the church to the Jews that they might make it a central synagogue, so little interest was there in St. Paul's as a Christian place of worship. This may only have been one of Oliver Cromwell's grim jokes.

After the Restoration, and when a new

order of things arose, as soon as the new cathedral was ready for use, the musical part of the daily service was resumed upon lines similar to those which guided its conduct in the early part of the reign of the first Charles, with a few additions and improvements, and perhaps a few omissions. The re-opening of the cathedral on December 2nd, 1667, thirty-one years after the fire, and twenty-two after the first stone was laid, was celebrated by a magnificent service, in which, for the first time, the choirs of the Chapel Royal, of Windsor, and Westminster united to give praise to God. The service was also a national thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick. It was not until nine years later that the cathedral was finally finished, but frequent services upon a scale hitherto unattempted were celebrated from time to time in commemoration of victories and other national advantages. There are prints extant depicting the visits of Queen Anne to the cathedral, in some of which may be seen the choir-singers greater in number than those employed in the ordinary service, together with a band of instrumentalists in the organ loft.

For these services the musicians of the time furnished music which even now is heard in one cathedral or another throughout the length and breadth of the land. By degrees the cathedral was used for other ceremonies than those of thanksgiving for peace, or to commemorate the success of the queen's arms against the enemy abroad. At these services as large a choir as could be conveniently gathered, together with a body of instrumentalists and the organ, united to bring due honor to the occasion. The traditions thus established were religiously observed for a long time after.

At the festival of the Sons of the Clergy from the year 1709 to about the year 1842, a full band and choir was heard annually in the cathedral; the band was supplied in the latter half of the period above named by the Royal Society of Musicians, every member of that body being bound to be present or to find a substitute. The choir was generally composed of the members of the best London choirs, with a little assistance from the cathedrals and colleges within a radius of sixty miles of the metropolis. For the accommodation of the chorus and band, a raised platform was built under the organ at the entrance to the choir. This was the custom so long as the organ remained in that place, even after the services of the band were discontinued and a larger body of voices

engaged for the occasion. Purcell's "Te Deum" was at first given at these meetings, until the "Dettingen Te Deum" of Handel was selected to occupy the place in the service which the music of Purcell had filled for a period of thirty-three years. The performance of the "Dettingen Te Deum" grew to be one of the institutions of the year's music. It was first given in St. Paul's in the year 1744, a few months after the first performance at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and for more than one hundred years was annually performed in the cathedral. So strong was its hold over the popular mind that, even after the band ceased to assist at the annual service, the "Te Deum" was given in deference to a generally expressed wish, the accompaniments being played upon the organ with the addition of trumpets and drums. For many years the drums which were used at St. Paul's were those which were taken from the enemy at the battle of Dettingen. When, for the purposes of the special evening services, the large organ built for the Panoptican, an exhibition and establishment intended to rival the Polytechnic, was placed upon an ugly and incongruous screen over the south porch, the choir gallery was built under this organ. This gallery being used every Sunday, was not moved as was the other scaffolding erected for the charity children. The first of these interesting festivals was held in 1704, in the Church of St. Andrew's, Holborn; the next year the children assembled at St. Sepulchre's, where they continued to meet until the year 1738; after this the annual service took place at Christ Church, Newgate Street, for sixty-three years. In 1801 the meeting took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, and, with the exception of a lapse of one year in 1860, when the cathedral was under repair, they have continued to meet there since. The idea of holding the meetings in the cathedral seems to have been suggested by the service of thanksgiving for the restoration to health of George III. in 1789, on which occasion the children took part in the service. Joseph Haydn, when on a visit to London, was present at one of the services, and has recorded in his memorandum-book, preserved in the library of the Conservatoire at Vienna, his impressions on that occasion. Féétis, the famous Belgian critic, was deeply affected by the unison singing of the children, and Berlioz, the French composer, when he heard the service in 1851, declared that the reality

exceeded all that the imagination had conjured up.

A few years later, and the authorities of the cathedral began to look coldly upon the meeting, and to disregard the sentimental impressions which might be awakened by its continuance. Perhaps by the time these words are in print the fiat may have gone forth, and the meeting of the Charity Children of St. Paul's will have become a matter of history. Whether there is any ground for regret in this matter we may not pause to inquire.

The present desire seems to be to make the services at St. Paul's altogether disconnected with the traditions of the past, and so to conduct them that they may form a pattern for the present and for the future. Men have grown tolerant, if not apathetic, with regard to observances and the omission of customs which would in former days have been considered as an infringement of certain privileges real or supposed.

Few people who know St. Paul's Cathedral of the present day, and who judge from the apparent solidity of the order and regularity with which the services are conducted, and the provision made for the accommodation of all who attend the ministrations, would ever imagine that this decency and discipline they observe and admire are only matters of recent introduction. At no very distant date the arrangements were altogether different. Without in this place imputing carelessness or apathy to the ruling spirits of the time past, or blaming them for not having effected desired reforms sooner, it must be said that they accepted or refrained from interfering with a state of things which was not at all creditable to a metropolitan cathedral. They allowed many things to go on without seeking to make great sweeping alterations, simply because custom warranted the use. The time had not come for change, the minds of the people were neither aroused to nor were they prepared to admit the necessity of movements which would then have seemed revolutionary. They had not yet realized the fact that the cathedrals were their own property, that the officials were simply trustees, and that they had a right to enjoy that privilege which seemed to be permitted on sufferance and with annoying restrictions. Only one-third of a century ago St. Paul's Cathedral was seriously regarded by a large section of the public as the property of the officials. This opinion was in some degree confirmed by the fact that no one was

permitted to enter the building without payment, excepting during the time of service, which was shortened as much as possible. The congregation was literally turned out at the conclusion by the vergers, except those who submitted to pay the customary twopence for permission to remain, which tax was collected at the north door, at that time the only used entrance to the cathedral, all the others being closed to the public. A passage from this north door to the choir was fortified by barriers, beyond which none were allowed to stray without payment. No attempt was made to warm the church, and pools of condensed vapor flowed at the bases of the pillars and walls. In winter time the church was lighted by means of candles, the greater number of which were in the choir, the outside approaches being illuminated by means of two or three wax-lights in the brass chandeliers, which even in the present day remain suspended from the roof. The service was held in the choir, which was then enclosed, the organ being placed on the screen which now stands by the north door. Outside the choir were the statues of Nelson and Cornwallis, on the site occupied by which the present choir stalls are built. The pulpit was in the choir near the east end; the seats for the choristers about half-way down the choir. As many of the six vicars-choral who chose to attend, either in person or by deputy, sat in the stalls with the minor canons. The members of the choir were not remarkable for regularity of attendance. There was always a full complement of the boys, whose number was twelve. The minor canons not only intoned the service in their turns, but also sang in the canticles and anthems. Skill in music was one of the qualifications for which they were selected to fill their offices.

Then were frequently heard the fervent and devotional musical thoughts set by the old writers in harmony with their own interpretation of the divine words they had chosen — the touching and expressive music set to sacred words by such writers, who were prompted to do their work by true religious feeling: such men were Purcell, Humphries, Weldon, Wise, Clarke, Greene, Boyce, Battishill, Attwood, and Goss — most, if not all, of which are now banished from the Church, less perhaps for their "unfitness" for use in the service on account of their containing solos or verses, than because the old traditional method of performing them has died out, vocalists in cathedrals of

the present day having been trained to do scarcely anything else than to take part in a chorus. The increased area opened at St. Paul's renders it necessary that all the music employed should be massive and full, such as would impress the hearer with an idea of the dignity of the service as now conducted. The delicacies of the old anthems and services would perhaps not be appreciated by the numbers which now flock to the church, even if voices could be found to interpret them. It is therefore, perhaps, over-sentimental to regret the past days when the service was held in the choir and took the form of what is now contemptuously styled "chamber worship" in the cathedral. The effect of the service in the restricted area was solemn, and appealed to men's hearts most closely; but it was inconsistent with the growing spirit of the times — a preference for large proportions.

The first attempt to utilize the whole area of the cathedral for the purposes of congregational services was made shortly after the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852.

Before that time no adequate means of lighting the building for evening services existed. The great circle of gas jets beneath the whispering gallery, "the graceful coronal of light which encircles the dome," was put up for the occasion alluded to, and this, with additional semi-circles of lights round what are called the quarter domes, helped to illuminate the vast area, and to make it available for the purposes of attracting large congregations. A series of Advent services was commenced, at which a more elaborate musical service was attempted than anything which had been done, excepting upon such red-letter days as the festivals of the Sons of the Clergy, the gathering of the Charity Children, the annual service in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and such rare occasions as the visits of the royal family, to offer up "thanksgivings for late mercies vouchsafed to them."

Most foreigners, when they pay a visit to London, like to see St. Paul's and note the simple, yet magnificent, proportions of its structure. Those that were musical until lately always declined to wait for the service, as they had heard that the music was always badly performed. Now the musical and intelligent foreigner endeavors to include the hour of service in the period of his visit, for the performance is equal with, if not superior to, the

best that can be heard on the Continent at any place and at any time during the celebration of divine service. It is only within the last few years that this has been the case. The character of the service now is more consonant with the general pattern followed on the Continent, so that the stranger is enabled to understand and to follow the musical portion of the service better than heretofore. The number of the services has been increased, so that now there are almost as many each day as in the old building. Various societies and guilds hold their annual festivals in the cathedral, and the ordinary course of the service has been altered, if not improved. Among the many additions, which some condemn as innovations and others hail as improvements, may be mentioned several.

The annual performance of Bach's "*Passions-Musik*" is on the Tuesday in the week before Easter: it is sung by a large body of voices, accompanied by a band of instrumentalists, including the organ and a pianoforte for the recitatives. The services in commemoration of the opening of the cathedral, and that on the anniversary of the fire of London, and one or two other days, have long been discontinued. At these services, singularly enough, the members of the choir were not expected to be present. All through Passion Week the choir was silent. Now there is no lapse in the regularity of the services during this week. In addition to the special commemoration above mentioned, the daily choral service is celebrated, but without organ. The use of the organ is also dispensed with on each Friday during the year, except it be a saint's day or the eve of a festival. Each Thursday afternoon the service is sung by the men alone, the boys having that time for rest. During Lent and Advent the *Benedicite* is chanted, a practice which doubtless has some meaning. On one evening during Advent Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment," is now sung by the choir to the accompaniment of the organ. A grand service is also held on St. Paul's day, January 25th, on which occasion a portion of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," is performed with a band and chorus, and the band is restored to the festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

At the ordinary service on Sundays the communion is celebrated with as much music as will be legally allowed. The "Choral Communion," as it is called, was sung in the building for the first time in 1870, upon the occasion of the consecra-

tion of the bishops of Sierra Leone and the Mauritius. It may be mentioned that the number of the children of the choir is augmented to about thirty. These are educated and lodged in a convenient building erected especially for their accommodation, and a staff of masters is engaged to teach them such things as are useful for them to know.

Every possible encouragement is given to the members of the cathedral having no statutable position. The old corporations of the church, the minor canons, the vicars-choral, the vergers, bellringers, and others, are being gradually weakened, probably with a view to their ultimate extinction. All things are being changed. The anthems and services of our cathedrals in former times were modelled after a fashion peculiarly English, and utterly unlike anything employed abroad for the purposes of worship. In making the alterations in the music at St. Paul's it was found necessary to shelve those works by English cathedral writers which for generations had been associated with the service of the Church, probably because it may have been thought to be advisable to remove all those matters which interfered with the desire to make the order of the service and the character of the music employed therein of a kind similar to that adopted by other Christian communities which Englishmen hear in foreign cities. So that, in fact, the stranger from afar might feel himself perfectly at home upon entering the building. Thus St. Paul's has been made cosmopolitan in addition to being metropolitan.

Of course, there are many who regret the removal of those features which gave the service a distinguishing tone, and maintained a system of celebrating it which had the advantage of preserving an individuality altogether English. There is no doubt that many abuses arose out of the system which formerly existed. Changes could only be effected by the introduction of strong measures. No one will think the measure weak which swept away almost everything belonging to the old order of things. No one will think that there was any sentimentality in consigning the old works, and the books which contained them, to the lumber-room. All that was old was deemed to be bad; everything must be new, even if it do not prove to be good. A radical change was considered necessary. The order of the service, the manner of singing, the character of the music sung, all became altered. The tares were uproot-

ed, it is true, but it is just possible that a goodly part of the wheat went also. We are not, however, here discussing the propriety or impropriety of the changes, but only giving a historical record of them. It will be enough to add that the attempt made by the authorities to popularize the services has been rewarded with all the success it deserves. On most occasions of a public kind the church is crowded, and large numbers attend at the ordinary services.\*

\* In contrast to the present state of things, a friend tells us that in his own recollection the early morning services were only attended by two or three aged dependents on the charity of the dean and chapter. It must not be supposed that the music has made all the difference. In those days when men like Dale, Melville, and Champneys occupied the pulpit, the preaching attracted large audiences; and there are now seats for larger numbers, under the dome and in the nave.

From *The Spectator*.

**MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON POETRY  
AND RELIGION.**

MR. ARNOLD has recently got hold of a crotchet of which he is extremely proud. It is that poetry is a surer and more solid stay for the soul than any religion; indeed, if we understand him aright, he holds that it is, in fact, the true religion. He enunciated this with a good deal of solemnity in his introduction to the poetical section of Messrs. Sampson Low's "Hundred Greatest Men," and now he has quoted it from himself, and reinforced his doctrine in a very charming introduction to the "Selections from the English Poets," which Mr. T. H. Ward is editing for Messrs. Macmillan. Now, Mr. Arnold, though he is so lucid and beautiful a critic, is not always lucid when he rises into the atmosphere of general dogma. For it really is a general dogma to abjure all dogma. His great objection to theology is that "there is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve." And he regards the future of poetry as immense solely because it has no reference to anything but idea: "For poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." We are disposed to deny this pure ideality of poetry altogether, and believe, moreover, that Mr. Arnold is wholly at issue with him-

self on the subject, and that throughout this essay he reasons on assumptions which it is impossible to reconcile with this doctrine. Though he says, "The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry," we believe that a good deal of his essay is written on the converse assumption, that "the strongest part of our poetry to-day is its unconscious religion."

As we have said, it is not easy to make out to our own satisfaction what Mr. Arnold precisely means, when he represents poetry as so solid, as being every day "the surer and surer stay" of the human race, and when he closes his essay by saying that "currency and supremacy are insured" to all good literature, and in the supremest degree to classic poetry "not, indeed, by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper,—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity." It is not easy to say precisely what he means, because he wants to take the benefit of two quite inconsistent positions,—the one that poetry is its own evidence, and needs no conformity with the world of truth to justify it; and next, that it depends for its merit on the amount of substantial truth which it embodies. Thus he starts, as we have seen, by saying, "For poetry the idea is everything;" "it attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact;" and yet, so soon as he comes to define for himself what it is by which he distinguishes good poetry not only from bad, but even from other good things which are not poetical at all,—he compares poetry, for instance, in this relation with history,—he discovers it to be its "higher truth and higher seriousness," so that "the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness." Now, what is truth, except conformity to fact? If the higher poetry has at once more truth and seriousness than the lower, what is that but saying that it takes hold of the most important side of life with a stronger grasp than inferior poetry, and excites, in relation to this more important side of life, that emotion which in degree and kind is most suitable to the human character and lot? So far as we know, that is pretty nearly the sort of description of the higher poetry which Mr. Arnold would be willing to accept. But then what becomes of his boast, that "for poetry the idea is everything," that "poetry attaches its emotion to the idea, the idea *is* the fact"? On the contrary,

for poetry, as for almost all other great departments of life, the idea is nothing, unless it properly fits the fact. Take Mr. Arnold's own instance of deficient excellence in poetry, of deficient truth and seriousness, in his quotation from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound":—

On the brink of the night and the morning  
My coursers are wont to respire ;  
But the Earth has just whispered a warning  
That their flight must be swifter than fire.

Mr. Arnold excludes this from the highest class of poetry, because it embodies only a fanciful idea, because the idea has little truth or seriousness in it, little correspondence with the fact of life. Just so he quotes as an instance of supreme excellence in poetry, of supreme truth and seriousness, supreme power to fit the right sort of emotion to the human lot as it is, Dante's grand line, "*In la sua voluntate è nostra pace*" (In His will is our peace"). Now why does he attribute to this line supreme poetical excellence? Not because it expresses a mere idea, but because it expresses with depth and simplicity a profoundly true idea; that is, because it embodies a clear vision of the real relation between the nature of man and the will of God. In what sense can it be justly said that here the idea is everything? The idea is everything if it be true, and everything that it should not be, if it be false. The emotion of profound peace which it expresses is eminently suitable to the position of man, if the will of God really determines all the best part of his lot; and eminently fanciful and unreal, eminently of the character of the unreal imaginations which, in Shelley, Mr. Arnold implicitly condemns, if there be no such will in which to find peace. But, after all, this is a mere single illustration of the difficulty which Mr. Arnold's essay suggests. The difficulty itself goes much further. If it be true that there is an ideal world, with laws of its own and a life of its own, to which every human life and all human laws may make in time an indefinitely close approach, then the higher poetry, so far as it brings that higher life and those higher laws home to us as parts, but in great degree struggling and partially suppressed parts, of our life here, is doing us the greatest possible service. It is, in that case, as Mr. Arnold justly hints, the very instinct of "self-preservation" in man, which obliges us to listen to the higher poetry, and which prolongs its accents in even the dullest ears. But if this be not

so? If, as Mr. Arnold sometimes seems to think, all these assumptions are "divine illusion;" if poetry begins and ends with the idea, and its emotion is kindled purely by the idea,—if the truth or falsehood of the ideal ends and the ideal goal of life has absolutely no interest for the poet,—how, in that case, can it be rationally said that the instinct of "self-preservation" in man has anything to do with the lasting influence of poetry over the human race? Were that so, it would be far easier to conceive that "the instinct of self-preservation" might cause a revolt against poetry, or at least against a very large portion of the poetry of which Mr. Arnold thinks most highly. Take his own special poet, Wordsworth. Can any one maintain, even with plausibility, that Wordsworth's noblest poems have not magnified vastly the weight which men assign to that "divine illusion" of which he speaks? Can it be a self-preserving instinct which magnifies the importance of illusion? Is it not the first instinct of self-preservation to open the eyes of man to all illusions that divert him, without reason, from pursuits which bear substantial fruit to pursuits which bear none? Supposing the value of poetry to be determined by the truth and seriousness of its utterance, how can we praise that poetry which distracts our minds with shadows, and which spends its emotion on conceptions as unreal as Shelley's Prometheus or his fiery car and its fairy guide? Mr. Arnold quotes, in defence of his view of poetry,—or at least in defence of one of his views, for we are persuaded that he vibrates between two which are by no means reconcilable with each other,—Wordsworth's fine expression that "poetry is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." But then, Wordsworth sincerely held that trust in a supreme mind and a life of infinite growth in the knowledge and love of the depths and heights of that mind, were a part of the lesson of science, and were verified for us by the power to read this "impassioned expression" which is in the countenance of science. He held that poetry is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," as Mr. Arnold again quotes him; not as Mr. Arnold in one of his moods appears now to wish to translate it, of all *ideas*. And there is a vast, an immeasurable distance between the two views. Mr. Arnold, in one of his moods, seems to wish to divorce poetry from fact, to treat its life as a parasitic life, fed not on fact, but on ideas. In

another of his moods, he treats it as the "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Which does he really mean? Does he mean that poetry is ideal in the sense of being independent of the truth of its ideas, or, on the contrary, that it breathes no spirit which is not in some sense the spirit of true ideas, of ideas tested by life and science and experience, and not found wanting?

We suspect that unconsciously to himself, Mr. Arnold wants to get for poetry the advantage of both modes of speech, and to avoid the difficulties of each. But this will not do, this is not fair to his own mind, nor is so lucid a writer, to his readers' minds. If we hazard a conjecture, we should say that what Mr. Arnold wishes to believe is something of this kind,—that philosophy, the only philosophy worth the name, *is* poetry; that you have no need to make any independent verification of the truth of the poetic method; that the poetic method verifies itself to the mind, and that there is an end of it; that when Wordsworth has once said, for instance, of duty that it wears "the Godhead's most benignant grace," the significance of the expression is final, that we need no independent philosophy to teach us what the Godhead means, that philosophy rather gathers its meaning from poetry than poetry from philosophy, and that any man who is so superstitious as on the strength of such expressions to believe in a supreme mind, on the guidance of which we may lean, is

pushing the meaning of poetry far beyond what it will bear. In this last point we agree with Mr. Arnold, but we utterly differ from him if he thinks that the poetical use of religious language can really outlast the belief—the dogmatic belief—in religion. The "impassioned expression in the countenance of all science," in that sense of science which many of Mr. Arnold's works teach us to accept, is altering every day. It is impassioned still in a sense, but in a very different sense from Wordsworth's. Most of the modern science, not, as we think, that "divine philosophy" which is the breath and spirit of all science, but most of that science which Mr. Arnold regards as the only verified science, breathes passion enough, but the passion of a destructive conflict with the "divine illusion" of poetry. If *this* impassioned expression is to be the inspiration of the new poetry, we shall soon have a poetry that will degrade man. And if this impassioned expression is not to be the inspiration of the new poetry, it will only be because the authority of religion,—the absolute truth of religion, not the mere beauty of its circle of fanciful ideas,—reasserts itself over the human mind, and the higher poetry therefore breathes once more the spirit of "truth and seriousness;" a spirit very different indeed from that ideal gas which inflates the luminous grace of a pure metaphor, or the tender sentiment recalling the illusions of an imaginative and past-away age.

**HEALTH AND RAILWAY TRAVELLING.**—The injuries to health which occur from the excitement and worry of the start at the railway station are at first transitory, and unless many times repeated, are not of necessity injurious in the strictest sense of that word. They consist of a series of shocks to the nervous system, inflicted through the senses, and telling in a secondary manner on the heart and circulation of the blood. The heart at first becomes excited and beats more rapidly than it otherwise would, a condition which soon leads to a little confusion in the brain, and sometimes to a sensation of fulness and giddiness, with singing sounds and noises in the ear, apart and distinct from those which are produced in the station itself. In very nervous persons these unpleasant sounds are followed up by a slight feeling of nausea, but, as a rule, all the signs pass away when the seat in the carriage is secured and the train starts on its way. In feeble persons, and especially in those

who are suffering from feebleness of the heart, the effects of the temporary disturbance are not so slight. In these persons the overaction to which the heart has been subjected leads to weariness and failure of that central organ, and therewith to a feeling of fatigue and weariness which extends throughout the entire body, and which is commonly attributed for some hours after the journey is over, to the fatiguing influence of mere travelling by rail. In other persons, in whom the heart is fairly sound, but in whom the digestive powers are enfeebled, the effect of the noise and commotion at the station is to bring on a very marked and painful attack of dyspepsia,—with flatulency, disturbed action of the bowels and kidneys, deranged appetite, and depression of the spirits. This, again, as a class of symptoms of characteristic type, is often attributed to the journey rather than to the mode in which the journey was commenced.

Modern Thought.